

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

SEPTEMBER 8, 1958

America's National Sports Weekly

25 CENTS

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THE MIRAMICHI

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ON A LEGENDARY STREAM



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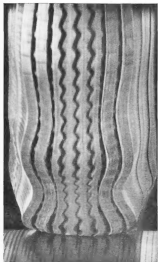
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101 words
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EXTREME SPEED HOUR-AFTER-HOUR causes "standing waves" in an ordinary tire (above). This distortion beats them up, often tears them to pieces. That's why B.F. Goodrich—after testing hundreds of different cord angles, cord fabrics, tread—designed a tubelless, nylon-cord tire for drivers who hit the speed limit and stay there!



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B.F. Goodrich *Silvertown 125*

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River of legend, famous salmon grounds, the Miramichi of New Brunswick evokes nostalgia and desire in the heart of any angler who has ever cast for the great game fish of these northern waters. The photograph captures its mood as the great September run approaches its annual climax.

Photograph by Hans Knapp

Next week



► **Surprise, British challengers,** *previews an eight-page America's Cup Preview*, with text by Carleton Mitchell, paint-rumple map and all you need to watch the historic race event.

► **In nine pages of text and color pictures,** *Swim with a Loose Ball* tells stories for down and spectators alike which fit them right into the picture of what's new sport they may choose.

► **Research of the mountain wilds,** the highest sharp is one of the greatest game trophies of America. William A. Fisher, a dedicated hunter, dramatically tells its story.

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ILLUSTRATED



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Jimmy Jemait's HOTBOX



THE QUESTION: Would it be a good thing if the British won the America's Cup in September?



HENRY SUPORT
Commander, Cruising
Club of America
Wilmington, Delaware

Heck, no! We are all interested in winning and keeping the cup. If the British lose again, maybe they will try harder next time. We are doing our damndest to win. If we lose, we will try harder to win the cup back next year.



ROBERT BIRMINGHAM
Former Commander
Royal Bermuda
Yacht Club

It would be excellent. Remember that the money spent for the British challenge means a lot more over there than it does here. If the British win, I am sure that every sportsman in America will raise his cup in a toast of congratulations.



GEORGE HENRY WARREN
Commander, J/Is
Laurie Yacht Club
Newport, R.I.

Naturally I would like to see an American win, but it would be good for sailing if the British won. There is always a good deal of sympathy for the underdog. This is particularly true of the gallant and pioneering British.

continued

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is calling you

to
VACATION

in colorful
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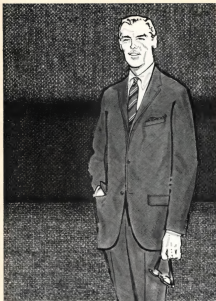
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In next week's **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**—a preview in four colors of *The Sporting Look for Fall, 1958*: the newest and handsomest in spectator styles for feminine sports fans, designed by the 24 nominees for the 1958 American Sportswear Design Awards.

And in **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** from now until the basketball fly—the most complete sports coverage of Fall 1958 you'll find anywhere.

(The Fall is one of the four most enjoyable sports seasons of all. The other three are Spring, Summer, and Winter).



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RYDBOX continued



DANIEL STRONHEIM
Skipper of Maling
Stamford, N.Y.

Of course it would be good for sailing. It is never good for anyone to dominate a sport. I have sensed a good deal of sentiment for the British boat. Everyone here admires them for their determination and sportsmanship against great odds.



DeCOURSET FALES
Former Commodore
N.Y. Yacht Club
New York City

Certainly. Naturally, I would like to see our defender win. The rival syndicates have gone to great expense for the honor of representing America. However, after all these years, it is about time the British won.



CAPTAIN JOHN ELLSWORTH
Skipper of
Moose of Malvern
Essexport, England

Definitely, yes. A British victory would engender more frequent contests and result in the building of more yachts. If America had to challenge in British waters for a change, it would stimulate interest on both sides of the Atlantic.



WILLIAM T. SMITH
Skipper of
Figure III
Westport, Conn.

Yes. Our victories go back too far. It is over 100 years since we won the cup from the British, and they have challenged 16 times and lost each time. However, it is going to be awfully tough for the American boat that finally loses.



E. RODDE WILLIAMS
Mayor of Hamilton,
Bermuda
Skipper of Undine

It would be a pleasant change. Real competition is good for any sport. However, I am not one of those who say, "Break up the Yankons," and I don't want the British to win unless they have built up to the American standard.

SCOREBOARD

A worldwide roundup of the sports information of the week

BASEBALL—NEW YORKER BEAVER, meeting their most persistent challengers two to three, all but got rid of San Francisco for good by taking three out of four, then split first two with bubbling Pittsburgh to lead Pirates by 7½ games in National League scramble to face New York Yankees in October. But Pirates still had life in them, hosted league's leading winner in Bob Friend, who won his 18th, over Braves 3-0, Los Angeles, Cincinnati and St. Louis were neck and neck for fourth place.

CARRY ANSON, began to worry over as little when star left-hander Whitey Ford tossed up with more arm and Washington won two straight from his Yankees to cut lead to 18½ games. Hammering Chicago, recovering slowly from shocking setback in Stadium, were well enough to take two from Senators, split pair with Detroit, but even Manager Al Lopez was just about willing to concede World Series lost to Yanks.

WASHINGTON SENATORS, deeply embarrassed in American League cellar, began to stir redoubly, almost as if they might welcome change of attitude. Minneapolis and St. Paul quickly began to stir, hopefully dashed head losses and plans for enlarged stadiums in front of Senators as well as Cleveland, also disturbed by rapidly dwindling attendance. But at week's end, Washington President Calvin Griffith and his directors were still playing football while Twin Cities wanted it out.

FOOTBALL—CRITICISMS OF A SKEPTIC exhibition clinic there, turned back puntless Pittsburgh 17-0 in first pro game ever played at Y-Ten Stadium. In other games, puntless-owned Los Green calmly hosted 44-yard field goal in closing seconds to give Cleveland 12-10 win over Los Angeles; Detroit latched on to two of Charley Conerly's passes, turned them into touchdowns in 24-7 victory over New York; Washington beat Baltimore 27-7.

HARNESS RACING—EMILY'S PRIDE, trained by 71-year-old Fred Egan and driven by 44-year-old Elmer (Pink) Mize, pair of colts who knew their race, was first last, broke and trailed in 12th place is seen and but saved her best for last in 1936-71-24 Hambletonian at Du Quoin, Ill. Starting up from second tier, Emily's Pride leaped briskly into lead at three-quarter pole, swept down stretch to clock 1:58 4/5, fastest mile in Hambletonian history, win \$45,150.92 for Kentucky Co-owners Castleman and Walnut Hill farms (see page 37).

TRACK & FIELD—AUSTRALIA'S HERR ELBERT, by far the best middle-distance runner ever to triumph a mile, proved his greatness once again, out-facing 1,500 meters in fantastic 3:38 (roughly equivalent of 3:33 mile) at Gothenburg, Sweden, to break Czech Stanislav Jungwirth's world record. Next day, slender Aussie, whose primitive diet and unorthodox training methods have amazed his frustrated opponents, took his track at Melbourne, hosted annual angry rivalry in 3:43 for mile, ninth time this year he has cracked another female American barrier.

BRITAIN'S GORDON REID, sixth-place boy in 1,500-meter race (won by Aussie Merr Lincoln in 3:33.8), came back 30 minutes later, ousted Russian with solid victory in 14:40 in 5,000-meter run at Oslo Games. Soviet also won handed unexpected setback in high jump when Sweden's Stig Persson equaled 6-foot 8½-inch leap by Yuri Brumov, was awarded first place on basis of fewer misses.

AUTATHLANS, ruffled because some of nation's best athletes are gravitating to U.S. colleges, rocked IAAF meeting at Stockholm with proposal that such stars be deprived of their amateur standing if they accept scholarships at American schools. But idea that shoring, left many a state-side coach breaking outer.

HORSE RACING—SOUTHERN STICK, owned by Lennie \$10,000 bargain-basement buy at Saratoga (training sales in 1957), began to over as slightly on 60-1 underling Winston Winner in head-in-hand stretch duel, but withstood last claim to win \$104,725 Washington Park Futurity at Arlington. Winner set of \$125,225 hosted Russian Wind's 2-year-old earnings to \$271,688, edged him within \$71,688 of record held by Jewell's Reward.

OTHER SPOTS, Mrs. Gerald S. Smith's spring-bling 3-year-old filly, sired ground and top of stretch, equaled through under Jersey Ellen Nelson ("You've got to ride those lady horses like you were huggin' your girl friend") to win seven-furlong \$25,000 Vagabond Handicap by length at Delmon. Recovery, 22-year-old pastured of Alfred G. Vanderhill's Sagamore Farm and grandchild of Native Dancer and Bold Ruler, was destroyed "due to intensities of advanced age," ending one of racing's most illustrious careers. Bought by Vanderhill for \$25,000 as a 2-year-old, the weight-carrying chestnut named \$50,337 and sired winner of \$5,825,668, sold Vanderhill privately "He was one of America's great weight carriers. His picture should hang on every handicapper's wall just as a reminder."

BOXING—RURAL SERVICE, unknown Louisville welterweight who went in as 10-1 underdog, caught No. 1-ranked Oscar Lopez with guard down, hammered out 18-round decision before 4,500 home-town fans. Result set all usual apogee in Lopez's camp, prompted Trainer Jimmie Medina to scream: "A heavy one. We were misled again."

JERRY KENDALL, another upstart, found way to get inside Bobby Roy's long arms with looping lefts, solid right crosses, gave Chicago middleweight another push down hill in 18-rounder at Miami Beach.

SHOOTING—archery marksmen, blowing away as if they invented the sport, gloriously headed off 14 of 17 team titles, 11 of 23 individual events on 16-day world shooting championships held at Mexico. U.S. experts, who passed last Curtain with

continued

focus on the deed . . .



HEELS UP, Mel Anderson assumes graceful pose for backflip on way to 4-4 win over Ham Richardson in Nations Cup at Rye, N.Y.



GIARD UP, Heavyweight Willie Pastore (right) wards off left by Tommy Thompson, margin to 20-10 in fourth at Columbia, Ga.



KNEE UP, Stoke City's Ken Thomson (left) and Fulton's Trevor Chamberlain execute impromptu fig step in London soccer duel.

COMING EVENTS

September 8 to September 11

All times E.D.T.

- Club Members
- Veterans
- General Admission

Friday, September 8

- RACETRACK**
 - San Francisco at Chicago, 8:30 p.m. (Mutual).
- BOXING**
 - Alvarez vs. Sanchez, middle, 10 rds., Los Angeles, 10 p.m. (NBC).
- BASEBALL**
 - San Francisco's Clayton vs. San Francisco's Lyle, 7 p.m.
 - San Francisco's Lyle vs. San Francisco's Lyle, 7 p.m.
 - San Francisco's Lyle vs. San Francisco's Lyle, 7 p.m.

Saturday, September 9

- RACETRACK**
 - San Francisco at Chicago, 8:30 p.m. (Mutual).
- BOXING**
 - Alvarez vs. Sanchez, middle, 10 rds., Los Angeles, 10 p.m. (NBC).
- BASEBALL**
 - San Francisco's Clayton vs. San Francisco's Lyle, 7 p.m.
 - San Francisco's Lyle vs. San Francisco's Lyle, 7 p.m.
 - San Francisco's Lyle vs. San Francisco's Lyle, 7 p.m.

Sunday, September 10

- RACETRACK**
 - San Francisco at Chicago, 8:30 p.m. (Mutual).
- BOXING**
 - Alvarez vs. Sanchez, middle, 10 rds., Los Angeles, 10 p.m. (NBC).
- BASEBALL**
 - San Francisco's Clayton vs. San Francisco's Lyle, 7 p.m.
 - San Francisco's Lyle vs. San Francisco's Lyle, 7 p.m.
 - San Francisco's Lyle vs. San Francisco's Lyle, 7 p.m.

Monday, September 11

- RACETRACK**
 - San Francisco at Chicago, 8:30 p.m. (Mutual).
- BOXING**
 - Alvarez vs. Sanchez, middle, 10 rds., Los Angeles, 10 p.m. (NBC).

Tuesday, September 12

- RACETRACK**
 - San Francisco at Chicago, 8:30 p.m. (Mutual).
- BOXING**
 - Alvarez vs. Sanchez, middle, 10 rds., Los Angeles, 10 p.m. (NBC).

Wednesday, September 13

- RACETRACK**
 - San Francisco at Chicago, 8:30 p.m. (Mutual).
- BOXING**
 - Alvarez vs. Sanchez, middle, 10 rds., Los Angeles, 10 p.m. (NBC).
- BASEBALL**
 - San Francisco's Clayton vs. San Francisco's Lyle, 7 p.m.
 - San Francisco's Lyle vs. San Francisco's Lyle, 7 p.m.
 - San Francisco's Lyle vs. San Francisco's Lyle, 7 p.m.

Thursday, September 14

- RACETRACK**
 - San Francisco at Chicago, 8:30 p.m. (Mutual).
- BOXING**
 - Alvarez vs. Sanchez, middle, 10 rds., Los Angeles, 10 p.m. (NBC).
- BASEBALL**
 - San Francisco's Clayton vs. San Francisco's Lyle, 7 p.m.
 - San Francisco's Lyle vs. San Francisco's Lyle, 7 p.m.
 - San Francisco's Lyle vs. San Francisco's Lyle, 7 p.m.

*See local listings.

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X-RAY

The two pennants have been decided, but the battle for individual glory continues



A CANNON AND A BOMBSHOT might well be the weapons Ernie Banks (left) and Pete Rose (right) use when at the plate. Banks, the Cubs' powerful shortstop, blasts home runs from view, has 42 home runs and 116 RBIs to his credit. Rose's Cardinals slap single to all fields, in hitting .304, has excellent chance to win his first AL batting title.

TEAM PERFORMANCES

This week (7-10-77)

Team	Season	Home Wins	Losses
Atlanta Braves	1-1	1-1	1-1
Baltimore Orioles	1-1	1-1	1-1
Boston Red Sox	1-1	1-1	1-1
California Angels	1-1	1-1	1-1
Cleveland Indians	1-1	1-1	1-1
Los Angeles Dodgers	1-1	1-1	1-1
Minnesota Twins	1-1	1-1	1-1
New York Yankees	1-1	1-1	1-1
Pittsburgh Pirates	1-1	1-1	1-1
San Francisco Giants	1-1	1-1	1-1
Seattle Mariners	1-1	1-1	1-1
St. Louis Cardinals	1-1	1-1	1-1
Tampa Bay Devil Rays	1-1	1-1	1-1
Texas Rangers	1-1	1-1	1-1
Toronto Blue Jays	1-1	1-1	1-1
Washington Nationals	1-1	1-1	1-1

TEAM LEADERS

Team	Season	Home Wins	Losses
Atlanta Braves	1-1	1-1	1-1
Baltimore Orioles	1-1	1-1	1-1
Boston Red Sox	1-1	1-1	1-1
California Angels	1-1	1-1	1-1
Cleveland Indians	1-1	1-1	1-1
Los Angeles Dodgers	1-1	1-1	1-1
Minnesota Twins	1-1	1-1	1-1
New York Yankees	1-1	1-1	1-1
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Texas Rangers	1-1	1-1	1-1
Toronto Blue Jays	1-1	1-1	1-1
Washington Nationals	1-1	1-1	1-1

HEROES AND GOATS

THE BOMB (7-10-77)

Team	Season	Home Wins	Losses
Atlanta Braves	1-1	1-1	1-1
Baltimore Orioles	1-1	1-1	1-1
Boston Red Sox	1-1	1-1	1-1
California Angels	1-1	1-1	1-1
Cleveland Indians	1-1	1-1	1-1
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Toronto Blue Jays	1-1	1-1	1-1
Washington Nationals	1-1	1-1	1-1

BOMB PRODUCED

Team	Season	Home Wins	Losses
Atlanta Braves	1-1	1-1	1-1
Baltimore Orioles	1-1	1-1	1-1
Boston Red Sox	1-1	1-1	1-1
California Angels	1-1	1-1	1-1
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Team	Season	Home Wins	Losses
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Texas Rangers	1-1	1-1	1-1
Toronto Blue Jays	1-1	1-1	1-1
Washington Nationals	1-1	1-1	1-1

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BETTER BRINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
... THROUGH CHEMISTRY



THE BRAVES AT THE WIRE

Out-of-favorites to win the National League pennant before the first ball was pitched last April, the Milwaukee Braves have run a curiously powerful race—like a horse who is pounds better than his rivals but doesn't bother showing his superiority until he reaches the far turn. Lightly weighted San Francisco sprinted fast from the barrier and kept head to head with Milwaukee all the way around through July—much, much farther than anyone really expected. Then the Braves moved, beating the Giants four straight in Milwaukee early in August, opening the race up for the first time. The Giants hung on hopelessly but, last week in San Francisco, the Braves, playing now with all the fine strength of a beautifully balanced ball club, walloped the Giants again, four times in five games, to reach their high point of the season. Pittsburgh's Pirates moved past the Giants and made their own challenging run at Milwaukee, but the Braves were far down the stretch and approaching the wire, looking back over their shoulders, looking so good that the *New York World-Telegram's* Dan Daniel, a baseball writer for nearly 50 years and an unabashed admirer of the New York Yankees, wrote that if the World Series were to begin now, "the Braves would be 2-1 over the Bombers."

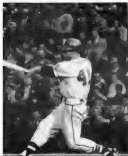
Despite slumps and injuries, Milwaukee's batting power has been consistently strong and timely. Wes Covington, hampered by injuries, nonetheless hit 23 homers and drove in 67 runs to help win one game after another. And Henry Aaron contributed an eye-popping hitting streak that lifted his batting average from .288 as July began to .340 as August ended.

Photographs by Ila Petre



WELL-ROUNDED BATTING SKILL OF THE

SWINGER Ed Matthews has plenty of home runs, walks and runs, despite low average.

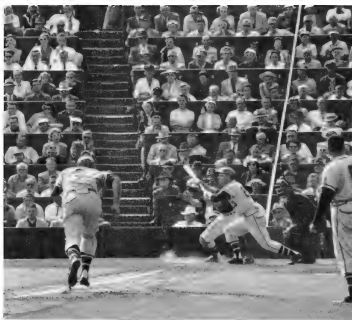


SWATTER Del Crandall, low in batting order, bats rivals with his long home runs.



SLAYER Henry Aaron is most feared hitter in league. Racing along at over



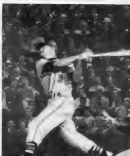


BRABES IS DOWN WHEN VERSATILE JOHNNY LOGAN SPREADS HANDS ON BAT TO BUNT BLAZER JOE ADCOCK HOME FROM THIRD

400 pressure fans, in his season challenge for the National League batting title.

WATCHER Bob Schoendienst strikes high on the bat, flings hits to left and right.

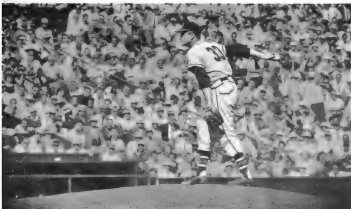
BATMAN Joe Adcock, an electric, swinging, hard, strong player, has hit the home runs.



REUTERS (AP/WIDE WORLD)



TWO MOMENTS OF MILWAUKEE BRIDGE LEFT-FIELDER WARREN SPAIN (ABOVE) AND SHORTSTOP JIM MARSHALL (BELOW)



BIG PITCHING, LOW PRESSURE

The odds against one rookie pitcher coming through are long; for three to make it simultaneously is an impossible parlay. But Joe Jay, Carlton Willey and Juan Pizarro, entrusted in midseason with plugging the holes that were suddenly appearing in the Braves' pitching, have become, with Spahn and Burdette, the big men on this big staff. Perhaps the characteristically relaxed attitude of the club has helped. Never volatile, the Braves have often been criticized for their hyperrelaxed attitude. To this, the unexcited Milwaukeeans can say: "We win, don't we?"



YOUNG PITCHERS: Joe Jay (on bench) and Carlton Willey (standing) listen intently to Pitching Coach Whitlow Wyatt as he demonstrates a grip.



RED AND RED: Mathewson (Third Baseman) Mathewson and Schoendienst (Second Baseman) chat in clubhouse.

JOE AND JOHN (First Baseman Adcock and, with paper, Shortstop Logan) discuss flight of fast ball.



SPECTACLE

Photographed by Richard Mox

The Color of Glory

**Their big sails bellying and sleek
hulls gleaming, America's 12-meter
yachts are in the final stretch
for a great cup and destiny**

THE towering masts of four 12-meter yachts spreading great stretches of sail against the New England coastline this week signal the start of Final Trials for the honor of defending the America's Cup. Sliding through the Atlantic chop off Newport in search of yachting immortality, the four hulls are pure elegance in line and pure power in conception, as sure in beauty together as a court of four queens—and each worth a queen's ransom. To understand why four groups of men found it plausible to spend up to a quarter of a million dollars apiece to get these great contenders into action, one need only look at the fine excitement of the America's Cup trial racing shown on the next few pages. The men of the contenders become a part of the most scintillating gamble in the world of amateur sport. Nothing beats the surge of a big boat in a freshening blow, her spinnaker pregnant with wind, her crew alert and tense to hold it full in the breeze (see opposite), or the suspense of a close race—the slow inching ahead, first one boat and then the other, straining for advantage (see next page)—and then the sudden and yet controlled attempt to break away and get free. Forty grueling trials or more will have been the test that picks the final boat to carry our colors against the British—and the men of the contenders will have gone through them heart in mouth, sharing the depressions of defeat and the high elation of the victories. And they will have helped perpetuate a tradition whose glory list of winners goes back in unbroken succession to the yacht *America* in 1851. Among the winners and the losers have been millionaires skilled in sailing and millionaires who never sailed at all, free spenders and sharp traders (see page 40). The most dogged men in the pursuit have been the British, and perhaps the toughest and most dogged crew of them all sits now aboard Britain's *Sceptre* off Newport waiting for September 30 when the American defender will sail out to begin the fight that will decide once again who gets yachting's grail.

SLICING behind a wave, the contender "Columbia" takes off after bright-hulled "Easterner" during trials







"COLUMBIA" crew members are shown in preparing for quick job as "Vine" around cylinder some three placed on downwind run to finish line



"WEATHERLY" (top) shows her aquiline snout and "Easterer" her bluff stern as the crews maneuver through the last days of the trials



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Newport

IN 1484 Giovanni da Verrazano, a Florentine navigator, may have discovered Narragansett Bay; at any rate, he swung at anchor for a pleasant fortnight of what was not quite yet the staid, leafy city of Newport, R.I., and then sailed back to tell King Francis I of France about it. It was the most singular occurrence on Narragansett Bay until the 1920s when the Coast Guard shot up the last run-runner Black Duck. Newport was founded in 1639 by a band of Antinomians exiled from the Massachusetts Bay Colony for disagreeable beliefs. Antinomians regarded themselves as elect personages who were predestined to salvation and therefore absolved from moral law and any duty to repent. When, several centuries later, Newport became a celebrated and sumptuous watering place, many of its transients maintained a similar attitude.

Between 1739 and 1744, Newporters made considerable fortunes in, as every schoolboy knows, the Triangular Trade, in which an immense triangle, rum, sugar, molasses, slaves, Africa and Barbados were all involved. The first synagogue in the United States was built in Newport in 1763; the Jews did a whale of a business in spermaceti. In 1770 Newport's foreign trade was greater than New York's but the British destroyed the town during the Revolution, and Newport wasn't any great shakes until the motorguy, with their ponderous equipage, commenced to summer there after the Civil War.

Newport has been and is a stately, properly gay but rarely piddly resort; in the days of rotogravure sections, for instance, Newporters were always said to be "mauntering." The following are some of the signal events in

its history: Richard Sears won the first U.S. national tennis title there (1881); the first functioning flush toilets in the U.S. first functioned in Newport; Charles V. Macdonald won the first U.S. amateur golf championship there (1895); Mrs. G.I.P. Belmont threw a champagne party to introduce a champagne to society; the notable Jop Ward McAllister coined his phrase "the four hundred" on the sea-girl perimede; and a brand of cigarets assumed the city's glamorous, prestigious name.

The Gilt-edged Age of Newport was, of course, the day of the grand families—the Vanderbilts, the Astors, the Belmonts, the Odrichs, the Fishes, the Harrimans, the Rhineclanders, the Van Alens—and the mansions they built like signatures on Gosan Drive and Bellevue Avenue in preposterous nonconformity—Greek Revival, Gothic, Norman, Renaissance, Tudor—burdened with garbrios and cupolas, loggias, turrets and towers and landscaped with broad

continued



Get-away Week for the Senators

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

lawn, woods, deep drives and ornamental shrubbery which took as many as 10 gardeners to maintain. The most notorious was The Breakers, erected on Ochre Point for Cornelius Vanderbilt in 1885. The footmen were silk knee breeches and shoes with silver buckles and it took 150 tons of coal to heat it during the winter, even though it was tenantless. The Breakers is now a museum. Some of the other palatial residences are a seminary, a convent, a church, a school, a hotel-restaurant, apartment houses and great, drafty pigeon roosts, though still others continue in the elegant tradition—bunkers, footmen, gardeners and all.

Today Newport is chiefly noted for its tennis tournament, its jazz festival, President Eisenhower and the America's Cup races. Last week Ike made his second vacation trip to Newport, but he wasn't the first President to sleep there. George Washington was, and there were 18 Presidents between them. President Eisenhower will sequester this year at Fort Adams, a Navy installation across the harbor from Newport proper. Last year he stayed at Coasters Harbor Island. This year the President will be much nearer the Newport Country Club. Last year he had to take a bostride to get to his golf course. This year he can reach it by automobile, and heaven help his spine if they haven't filled in the bottomless potholes in the entrance road.

The saloons of the America's Cup yachts are, for the most part, luxuri-

ously berthed. Waukelet's crew is put up at Seafeld, a mélange of white bowers on Ocean Drive. Owner Henry Morser and Skipper Arthur Knapp entertain there in a genialy generous manner. This is typical of Waukelet's social approach to the triale—they have taken as many as a dozen passengers out for a pleasure cruise after a day's arduous sail. A little farther down the peninsula is the 15th century chateau hired by Briggs Cunningham for the *Columbia*. There is



a more ascetic regime. Quite early in the morning the crew marches out of the huge, ivory entrance hall as they can clamber aboard at 9 a.m. (preceded, often by hours, by Rod Stephens who, perhaps, is up the mast in the fog, tinkering and, if *Columbia* is on the ways at the Newport Shipyard, hallozing with his brother Olin in a Mercedes 195L below). Columbians often remain on board for extra drills until 4 p.m., thence to the clubhouse for a skul session which often percolates from the short cocktail hour through dinner and on until lights-out at 11 p.m. *Vice's* crew holes up at Lily Pond, a monstrous pile camouflaged by a mummy forest. *East-river's* crew divides its sleeping between Chandler Hovey's power cruiser and a hotel. Indeed, sleeping is the

major liberty occupation of the crews: partying is hardly up to traditional Newport standards.

The British challengers, 24 strong, live in a rambling old house built in 1884 called *Horsehead*. *Horsehead*, which stands not in Newport but across the bay in Jamestown, an area favored by Philadelphians, was lent free to the British by Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Wright. ("Nobody in Newport ever gave anything away," says a Newporter, underlining this Jamestown generosity.) The Sceptreians arise at a military 6:30 and leave for their boat by 7:30; they return in the evening around 6:30. When they get ashore, a number of the crew bathe in a natural pool at the foot of the cliff *Horsehead* sits on. They like the pool and the prospect because it reminds them of the Cornish coast.

On the far-red hull of *Brenton Reef* lightly, where the racers rendezvous for the triale, the palatial atmosphere fingers like the frequent fog. Henry Morser of the *Waukelet* syndicate is there in his 110-foot *Blue Jacket*; Gerard Lambert of the *Columbia* syndicate is aboard the 85-foot *Vesperone*; Harold S. Vanderbilt rides the 88-foot motor ketch *Freedom*, an edged oiled table and rattan bridge chairs fastened over the stern skylight. Also on board, on occasion, is Vanderbilt's wife Gertrude, a veteran of these affairs and perhaps the woman who best knows precisely how to dress for an America's Cup—a small cloche-type straw hat, a rather highly styled middie blouse, blue slacks and expertly made, set white leather shoes quite narrow in the toe.

Vanderbilt usually carries two of the NYC selection committee, the other three watch from the white, 110-foot motor vessel *Freedom*. She ties up at Christy's wharf in the afternoon, the late sun glinting off the diving glass bulkheads on her after-lounge, where in a conspicuous but silent world, as though in an aquarium, the committeemen deliberate, highball glasses in hand.

After the day's triale, all non-participant hands head for a lobster at Christy's, a drink at Stanford White's green-latticed Casino, or at the Viking or the Muenchinger-King, where

They Said It

JOHN CONLON, National League umpire, speaking over the louds of the crowd here as addressed to umpires in San Francisco's Seals Stadium: "In my book a bum is a shifless, scaly, no-good, sneaking-bum. I'm a man with a respectable job, a fine family, two lovely children. What's this bum business?"

DWIGHT DISENNOWEN, on the proposed move to the Midland of the Washington Senators: "I am practically certain this city would demand that they stay. . . . But I think they should have a little bit better club."

BRANK MCCARTHY, chairman of the President's Council on Youth Fitness, as "Joe Palooka" was named Youth Fitness Ambassador: "We are confident that the addition of Joe as a member of the Fitness team will reach many who have not yet learned the true intent of the Youth Fitness Program."

they can exchange scuttlebutt. Later, when the larvae have turned blue, they drive through Newport's streets, which reminded Henry James of the short little walks of little old ladies, and where sailors from the Atlantic Destroyer Force, whose ships ride the roads of Narragansett Bay, lounge, ghostly in their whites; and later, on through the tree-lined drives, watching lights burning yet in the vast mansions, where, alas, the mid-night-to-dawn parties—their old dance tunes, their old, fast steps—are, for the most part, gone with the glorious uselessness of the past.

Rustlers in the Old Corral

THERE ARE sure enough rustlers in the old corral out West, and if you don't believe it, turn off that television a minute. George (Dead-eye) Dickerson, new head coach at UCLA, has just flashed the varnishes on a spread of his, he's claiming. Says they rode down from the University of California and streaked in amongst his dogs a couple of weeks ago. Dickerson has been out gunning.

Seems to be a case of reverting to type. For 48 years the Pacific Coast Conference ran western football kind of peaceable like. Anybody who didn't cotton to the way a body was paying off his hands went and told the commissioner. The commissioner (really a kindly old judge in disguise) would



"You're done a great job, Pircello. Just tell me one thing . . ."



hold a hearing, everything legal. But they have done away with the PCC, kindly old judge and all. The new Athletic Association of Western Universities believes in the code of the Old West; if there is something troubling you, go talk it out with the fellow at the next ranch.

Of course, the official lingo of the AAUW puts it like a bunch of lawyers. "There shall be no central enforcement agent or agency of this association," the bylaws say. "If a member institution has reason to believe that another member institution is violating either the letter or the spirit of these articles it may undertake to resolve the difference by discussions with that institution."

Well, UCLA's Coach Dickerson felt in real need of discussions last week

when one of his best local prospects told him he had a date up north at Berkeley next day. Next thing you know, Dickerson, tall in his middle in a United Airlines DC-8, was flying up to Cal with two other players, Bill Kilmer and Dean Moses. Still sweating mail after their air-conditioned ride they stomped into Cal's Stephens Union Building, double-knocked the stairs and burst into the office of Coach Pete Elliott. "Now look here, Pete," commenced Dickerson (little earring that Elliott was interviewing another player and his mother). Then, gouging his spurs into the carpet, he allowed as how Elliott's recruits, in particular one Herman Weiner of Los Angeles, had offered \$800 a year to both Kilmer and Moses if they would come to Cal. And as how Weiner had even tried to lane Kilmer at Red Sanders' funeral. And as how it had better stop, pronto, by dang. Elliott promised to round up the boys and look into the matter, and hoped it

wouldn't make the newspapers. Two days later it did.

Up and down the Coast, athletic directors and faculty members of UCLA, USC, Cal and Washington, members of the AAUW, turned sage-brush green. Less than three days old, the new conference had been set back at least 10 years. But then, it's like the fellow on the television says, "That's how it was out West." Only thing different—out West, god darn it, that's the way it is.

Boxing's Mr. Jackson

ISN'T THAT LOVELY?" asked Gilbert H. Jackson the other day, cranning a blooming orchid (*Loma Grandiflora Watsonii*). Growing orchids is an extraordinary diversion for a president of the National Boxing Association, but Gilie Jackson, 60, is an extraordinary, indeed almost Renaissance, man. He is vice-president and

continued

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

director of the Modine Manufacturing Co., Racine, Wis. (1987 gross sales: \$28 million), an accomplished pianist with a special fondness for Bachmann and Debussy, a former stunt flyer and a member of the Quiet Birdmen. He is a collector of Bohemian glass, bric-a-brac and books (French Revolution and Civil War). He is an amateur photographer and an amateur astronomer ("When you are confronted with these gigantic facts of the universe," Jackson hissed, "these indescribable distances, you try to make the effort to meet them in your mind. It brings you up rather short when you have playground differences, for example, with Mr. Helfand, the boxing commissioner of New York"). He is a collector of art (a chalk drawing of the Madonna and Child by Leonardo da Vinci is his *pierre de résistance*), and, in fact, as Gus D'Amato once exclaimed in wonderment: "He used to be a former fighter?" Gille Jackson, as Jack McGill, the Racine Flash, won 23 fights, drew one and received a battered nose.

Jackson has almost completed his year's term with the NBA, a regrettably feeble regulatory organization whose member commissions are too often subject to political and promotional pressure. "One thing is certain," Jackson says, "this boxing business is not an exact science. There's cajolery, persuasion, implied threats."

During the past 12 months, Jackson, in an attempt to bring a semblance of scientific order to the business, has fought with disident commissions (Massachusetts resigned from the NBA last January when it was faced with censure for staging an unauthorized welterweight title match between Tony DeMarco and Virgil Atina), reluctant fighters (Joe Brown seemed disinclined to risk his lightweight title against Kerry Lane until Jackson and Texas Commissioner M. B. Morgan forced his hand), Julius Helfand and the International Boxing Club.

"I think the IBC has been very shortsighted in the policy of paying for the future," Jackson says, "but then that's their business. Apparently, they're waxing fat on the boxing

business and putting nothing back into it. You know, this country around here (Union Grove, Wis., his summer home) is a farm community, and you should listen to the farmers talk about a shiftless character who farms intensively and depletes the growing qualities of the soil. He takes all the good out of it and doesn't put any fertilizer back in. Same with the IBC."

Jackson is also worried about televised boxing. According to him, "As long as it's under its present operation I am [concerned]. If there were competition set up—and this is D'Amato's idea—we would broaden the field and probably draw in smaller clubs. Then you wouldn't have to submit to the dictates of a monopolistic group. It would be far healthier."

Jackson also has reservations about Helfand, whose New York commission is forbidden by interpretation of state law from membership in the NBA. "I'm not close enough to the picture to know what prompts some of the things Mr. Helfand does," Jackson says. "I don't know if he arrives at his conclusions independently or is swayed by some outside influence. I know it appears at times that he makes a studied effort to upset NBA procedures. I don't know whether that is to demonstrate the superiority of the World Championship Committee [Helfand is chairman] over the NBA, or whether it is personal animosity, or whether it might be promotional interests, to put it mildly. If you take on a responsibility, you owe a responsibility to the people to do that job."

Jackson has taken on a responsibility



Catcher

He couldn't hold on
To the pitcher's slider;
The web of his glove
Was made by a spider.
—BARNEY HUTCHINSON

ity and has provided the hard-earned NBA with the most honest, duty and enlightened leadership it has had in years.

The NBA meets in Las Vegas next week for its annual convention and to elect a new president. There is a strong movement to draft Jackson for another term. "If the consensus is that they want me, I'll do it," Jackson says. "Having no strings, I can go down the middle of the road without having to bow-low to Truman Gibson [IBC president] or any others. And that feeling has taken hold of the NBA. They like that attitude."

We do, too.

Your Dog and Your Cold

TWO WEEKS contemporary man's fixation on the microbes, Arthur Guiterman some years back wrote a poem about the Antiseptic Baby and the Prophylactic Pup. You may recall they "were playing in the garden when a Bunny gambled up; They looked upon the Creature with a loathing undiluted; — It wasn't Disinfected and it wasn't Sterilized."

"Ho! Ho!" you, or your father, chorused. "That's a good one." Well, you can very well laugh out of the other side of your mouth now. Dr. Shyamal K. Sinha, a biological researcher from Kansas City, has advanced the theory that we catch colds from our dogs. Or they catch them from us. Or both, mind you. Dr. Sinha was telling all this to members of the American Veterinary Medical Association, convened in Philadelphia the other day. The way he told it, 33 dogs were inoculated with one of four strains of live cold virus, and turned out with 18 other, unsuspecting dogs. Sure enough, 24 hours later, and 22 were sick. Then, worse to tell, Dr. Sinha infected the recuperated pups with another strain of virus. This time he got sick and so did five assistants— sore throats, fever, the works.

Dr. Sinha, thankfully, is not letting it go at that. He hopes to perfect a vaccine for your dog that will render him, like Guiterman's, "Strictly Germproof." If he achieves it before the second, or, sneezing, half of the football season, you'd hear more.



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Nothing does it like Seven-Up!





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thousand stitches to every shirt. And Hathaway's exclusive Low Slope collar that makes you look younger.

The button-down shirt in our picture costs \$6.95. For the address of your nearest store, write to C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine—or place a call to OXFord 7-3566 in New York.

IT'S A SHOW, FELLOWS, REMEMBER?



FANS LOVED IT WHEN BRAGAN BOULEDED THE UMPIRES. BASEBALL'S BRASS FROWNED

THIS PAGE noted last week that 11 of the 16 major league clubs show a decline in attendance in 1958 and quoted a reader who in effect blamed all this on himself because he'd rather be out doing something than watching someone else do it. The comment was made that big league club owners have failed to recognize that we are no longer a nation of watchers, but doers, and that "from now on it is going to take a bit of doing to get the new doers to watch."

Well, now, of course, this was not meant to imply that nobody watches. After all, *My Fair Lady* still packs them in on Broadway; a juvenile bit of nonsense about an atomic scientist's misadventures with Jiffies domestic is attracting the Playlog set to the drive-in; despite the quixotic faze, TV screens still glow bluely through countless living room windows. In baseball, attendance in Pittsburgh and Chicago is way up, and in out-of-town California nearly three million. Watchers have paid their way in to see Deers like Willie Mays and Don Zimmer perform the familiar old melodrama.

These items are mentioned to remind the club owners that professional baseball is a show. The fact remains that baseball attendance is up in 1958. Where the show is good, the watchers have come out in increasing numbers; only when the show is bad does the fun-loving fan stay home.

In all likelihood he'll still watch baseball on TV, but he won't make

the big effort to go to the ball park, and all too often baseball's brass makes no big effort to get him there. You must whet a man's appetite for the spectacle in order to overcome the bad taste of jammed parking, uncomfortable seats, narrow aisles, rude ticket-takers, tip-hungry waiters, poor refreshments. But what is done to make the spectacle irresistible?

On the field, sterility—in word, dress and deed—is the order of the day. Arguments (Boston would almost prefer to watch the hated Casey Stengel raging helplessly at an umpire than see a Red Sox victory) are ruthlessly stifled. Uniforms are scrupulously clean (though the rough, dirty, unforgettable Garbage Gang Cardinals of the 1930s are a baseball legend); and the on-deck batter even kneels on a folded towel or (it would be hard to explain this to John McGraw) a small rubber mat.

Clenching is taboo. When Whitely Witt was conked by a pop bottle a generation ago, club officials, hoping to keep the next crowd peaceful—explained that Witt had actually stepped on the bottle himself and it had flipped up and hit him on the head. Next day in fielding practice, despite this official explanation, Joe Bush walked out to the outfield and turned to the fans a rear protected by 1) a catcher's mask on the back of his head, 2) a chest protector over his shoulder blades, and 3) shin guards on his calves. The crowd loved it. Today Bush would receive a se-

vere calling down for making a "travesty of the game."

"Travesty" is a favorite word of the rapid-milk personalities who dominate baseball. Fans recall with delight Casey Stengel thumbing his nose at rival players as he rounded the bases with a game-winning home run in the World Series; and Lefty Gomez, meeting George Miskirk from field to dugout while a third-out fly was still in mid-air. To baseball's officialdom these are travesties. Today's player is apparently trained to show no emotion when he hits a home run (and seemingly must appear as bored as his teammates when he accepts their limp congratulatory handshakes after he has crossed home plate); and a pitcher who travels from mound to dugout in anything other than a slow, world-weary pace is looked on as a dangerous radical.

In recent years Bobby Bragan inadvertently offered a cool orange juice to a team of screaming-mad umpires, and Bill Veeck actually put a midget into a St. Louis Browns game. Spectators relished it, but Veeck and Bragan got the travesty treatment.

We would remind the men who ran baseball that travesty means burlesque imitation, a grotesque parody. When a hardened athlete needs a towel to kneel on, when men engaged in harsh competition feel obliged to show animi, when a game built out of broad fun is gilded of humor, then the travesty, gentlemen, is yours.

And any loss in attendance.

WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

SUMMITTS AND CIRCUITS

The dog days of summer traditionally generate a sort of benign madness in men, as well as dogs: Things seem out of joint, out of place, as though distorted by shimmering heat waves. Here, for instance, are some peculiar scenes: a perilous pillar of judges and timers anxiously attending a finish at Stockholm's European Games; a complacent band of Frenchmen finding a patriotic art exhibition on a peak in the Caucasus; Coach Percy Cerutti, his premier pupil Herb Elliott and a file of faithful garbaging up an Australian road cliff in their summer; harness racing fans setting a record handle at Yonkers (N.Y.) Raceway; and in the gaunt, cavernous Polo Grounds, stock cars blurring where Willie Mays once, in his ingenuous abandon, ran out of his cap.

A FOOTBALL of officials watch P. O. Toole's win at Stockholm.

ON TOP OF OLDELEBERG, 13,480 feet up in the Caucasus, Alpinaia Lucien

ASSAULTING a dune at Portsea Beach, 62 miles from Melbourne, is all in a day's grind for Coach Percy Cerutti, 63 (top), Miller Herb Elliott and other determined Aussies. Cerutti's radicalism pays off: Elliott set a 1,000-meter record this week (see page 5).

JOHNHEAD FOLLOWERS, averaging 30,000 a night, jammed the elegantly refurbished Yonkers Raceway and,



Gaillet, Henri Beuchet, Robert Bouillet and Charles Lelong find a singular route left by previous Soviet expeditions.

two bursts of Lenin and one of Stalin but no Khrushchev. These are the first Frenchmen to attain this summit since 1933.



by waiting with great expectations as they shuffled slowly to the windows, set a one-week harness-racing betting record of \$11,534,344.



ABANDONED PLAYGROUND of the Giants, the Polo Grounds, drew still bigger crowd, some 3,000 in the rain, for a row, mule game, stock-car racing. Forty disreputable-looking machines competed for some \$12,000 in prize money.

THE HOUNDS OF HUNTINGTON

Twice a week, a pack of lop-eared, red-faced bloodhounds and their owners descend upon the Long Island home of Nancy and Robert Lindsay to take part in a unique sport which can only be called "people-tracking." Each of the dogs is made to follow and find a person hiding in the surrounding countryside. But behind the fun is a serious purpose. Some day these hounds may be called upon, as they have in the past, to find a lost child or a missing person, and this informal training keeps them in shape for a job they do better than any other breed of dog. The bloodhound's huge nose is his Geiger counter, and on a very old trail where the scent has almost disappeared, his wrinkled brow comes into special use. Head down, the loose skin of his forehead falls forward, forming a cup to trap scent rising from the ground. Properly trained, he can follow a trail two or even three days old. And like the Mounted Police, a bloodhound always gets his man.

Photographs by Nick Schatzman

WAITING FOR WORK. a bloodhound sprawls in lazy comfort, wearing leather harness or "saddle" used when tracking.





TAKING THE SCENT from paleness of "lost" Bobby Lindsay, dog is readied by child's mother Nancy to follow the boy's trail.



FINDING THE SNAKE, bluestreak sends at 4-year-old Bobby, who shows displeasure at unexpected attention.

DETAILS OF TRACKING are explained by Sheriff Bill Hays to Mrs. Lindsay. Bob, Gus, Mary and Betty, and home McChesland.



WALKING HOME after tracking exercise, Bobby and band are ready for refreshments at end of afternoon's workout.

HOW TO FWIM

The 16th century text and woodcut illustrations shown here are not likely to be of much practical help to Yale's swimming coach, Robert J. H. Kiphuth. Without the aid of texts either modern or medieval, Bob's 23 swimmers have gone virtually undisturbed for more than a decade. Nevertheless, to honor the impressive Kiphuth record in a manner befitting the great institution of learning which he serves, a grateful graduate presented to the Yale Library in Coach Kiphuth's name this oldest English-language treatise on the sport Bob knows as well. Through persistent and careful study of its terse text and 43 elaborate diagrams, students in the arid security of the university library at New Haven may now familiarize themselves with the basic techniques of the natatory art, ranging from the simple dog paddle to the complex maneuvers of the roach turn. We feel it only fair to warn the studious beginner, however, that a short session with Kiphuth in the university pool might be a sound idea before diving in and striking out for himself—the natural confusion resulting from a similarity between archaic *f's* and *s's* could lead to watery disasters.



To swimme backward.



To swim like a dog.



To tread the water.

Short introduction for

to learne to swimme.

*Gathered out of Master Dighes Booke
of the Art of swimming.
(1577)*

*And translated into English for the better in-
struction of those who understand not
the Latine tongue.*

By George Mollins.



AT LONDON,
Printed by Iames Roberts for Edward
Wheat, and are to be sold under his Name
at the Printers head, in the Street
of the Gate. 1677.



To turne in the water like a Roach.

There is an other kinde of turning, when a man is swim-
ming upon his belly, with his head one way, suddenly to turne
himselfe, his being upon his belly, & lying about his head and all
his body the other way: and for that it is to be done quickly (as
oft times you may see the fishes within the water, when in the
pleasant heats of Summer they want only friske to and fro,) it
is commonly called the Roach turne, and that is done thus, if he
will turne towards the right hand, hee must suddenly put the
water from him with his left hand, & pull that water behinde
towards him with his right hand, turning backe his head and
his body as you see in this next figure.

ASK ANY PHYSICS MAJOR!



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Here is the first basic improvement in electric shaving in nearly a quarter-century. Norelco's rotary blades shave in all directions, because your whiskers grow in all directions. Instead of plucking off whiskers, rotary blades make them off in one continuous sweeping power. That wonderful difference has made Norelco the largest-selling electric shaver in the world. Get this remarkable new Norelco Speedshaver in jet gray and white. Model N°500. M - 1R. Only \$24.95.



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NORTH AMERICAN PHILIPS COMPANY, INC., 100 E. 42nd St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

A HIKE FOR POSTERITY

**A band of contemporary pioneers sets out
to demonstrate that progress should
sometimes come second to conservation**

Photographs by Marshall Johnson

OVER the crash of the incoming tide below, the voice of the man clamped flylike to a precipitous rock promontory rang clear. "Tell the others to go back," cried Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, aged 59 years. "Let them take the safer way and meet us on the other side." Then, just beyond the reach of the shattering waves of the Pacific Ocean, Douglas and his wife Mercedes gingerly pressed on. When the others had rounded the headland, blowing hard, the Douglases were disappearing in the distance.

It was that way for three days last week as Mr. Douglas, on vacation from the bench, led 45 men, women and children through 22 miles of untracked Washington State wilderness bordering the Olympic Peninsula. In the name of beauty and the American heritage, Mr. Douglas and his lecture faithful were attempting to show cause why a proposed highway should not be built beside the sea and thus violate the longest stretch of U.S. coastline (43 miles) still preserved in its primal state. "Can we afford to lose the last such place where a person can get away from it all and savor what is true in nature?" the justice asked as he strode purposefully across a help-checked tidal flat. "I think it is essential to the sustenance of the American character that we do not," he answered and sprang over a pile of driftwood. There were those who dissented (see page 26), but few could say that Justice Douglas lacks that American character which he so actively champions.

CONTINUED

WARRING by pack and weighty mission, Justice Douglas, trailed by his wife, picks his way over reefs.





MIDWAY Between Okinawa and Iapah, Washington, on second day out, fliers cool sore feet by walking barefooted down glowering beach on one of bike's spare stags.

CLIMBING misty overcast, washed by rain during night's high tide, fliers





Leave camp before sunrise. By noon the
first reveille was sounded at 8 a.m. sharp.



WITH JUSTICE DOUGLAS at head of line, members of the expedition file Indian-style
through forest surrounding Lake Umbagog as they head for coastline of the Pacific.

—AP/WIDEWORLD



AFTER EXCESSIVE BEAL, Mr. Douglas and his wife Mercedes (not in photo) and work (present) to wash animals. Lovers are day extended of some, meaning "hold" in Maroon, where highway's reputation of state, culture and immediate world.



AT TRIP'S END, birds are kept by private builders. Larry Venable (right), Washington trucking executive, said: "We want a shoreline road so everybody can enjoy it." Mr. Douglas replied: "You already have 80% of it. Why not leave us 20%?"



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in Ivy Slacks*

POST-GRADS®

H-I-S introduced Ivy-Ale six years ago and saw them become the biggest style idea in the history of men's slacks. We still turn them out by the thousands every week but the future belongs to Post-Grade. The slim tapered look and pleatless front remain unchanged...but the buckle-on-the-back has yielded to a pair of neat flaps on the hip pockets. The flaps are not only different... they're more functional. And Post-Grade are machine-washable!

Left—Polyester reference from \$1.95 to \$5.95

Right—Leather-trimmed corduroy—\$8.95
for men's and students' slacks.



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Les girls: life under pressure

A look-back at the Curtis Cup and the Women's

Amateur and their heroines, Mrs. Smith and Miss Quast

AT 8:30 on the morning of the second and final day of the recent Curtis Cup match at Bras Burn—as you probably remember, the team of women amateurs from the British Isles retained possession of the cup by splitting the nine points (3 four-somes, 4 singles) with our American team—the two players in the first of the six 36-hole singles matches drove off. Since a 36-hole match can take innumerable twists and turns, the group of us who walked down the fairway after this first twosome were professionally counseling one another not to bear down too closely during the morning rounds—one should always keep as much energy in reserve as possible for the afternoon, when the really meaningful moments arrive, and especially since this Curtis Cup (with the British Isles leading 2-1 after the four-somes) had all the earmarks of developing into another of those cliff-hanging affairs in which the ultimate result is suspended in the balance until late, late in the afternoon. “As a matter of fact,” Frank Pennink of the *London Daily Mail* observed at 8:35, thinking of the many holes and fleetingly crucial moments ahead and smiling wryly at the very thought of it, “I suppose it will all hinge again on the match between Polly Riley and Frances Smith.” Mr. Pennink was referring to the last time the two teams met, at Prince’s in Sandwich in 1956 when, with all the other matches concluded, the losing and winning of the cup eventually depended on the tight and intensely dramatic duel between these two veteran internationalists. They had gone to the 34th all square, and Mrs. Smith had won it there by hitting a great iron to that difficult home green. Now at Bras Burn, in

the 1958 meeting, they had been drawn together again, each having been placed by her captain in the final singles spot.

At 5:30 p.m., roughly some nine hours after the long day's play had begun, Miss Riley and Mrs. Smith came trudging up the hill to the 14th or 15th fairway—and once again, quite incredibly, the outcome of another international competition rested on them. This is an almost insupportable amount of pressure and responsibility to have weighing on a player's shoulders. Each stroke is terribly critical, and there are moments when even the most seasoned and positive-minded competitor, thrust into such a spot, can think only of the heavy consequences of playing a bad stroke. As they walked up the 34th, Mrs. Smith was holding a 4-ep lead over Miss Riley. I think we all know Polly well by now—she has been our outstanding match player among the women amateurs for quite some time—but a word at this juncture about Frances Smith might not be amiss since she is hardly known in this country.

Mrs. Smith, who was Busty Stephens when she first came to prominence in English golf about a decade ago, is now in her early middle 30s. She has a most unimpressive swing. It includes what surely must be the longest pause at the top of the backswing in all of golf. While she is holding it there at the top, a train could dispatch and pick up passengers. After that long halt she whips the club through to the finish in good style but, taken all together, her swing, neither rhythmic nor powerful, is the type one would usually associate with a mid-90s shooter. Mrs. Smith, moreover, is a pale and frailly built

person. When you watch her play a grueling 36-hole match, your sympathies go out to her: she looks like she will be lucky to finish, let alone play anything resembling her best golf. But somehow she does, just about always. As a matter of fact, this night, quiet, entirely undramatic girl has come through with more first-rate shots in the clutch than any other golfer, man or woman, in the last 10 years.

On the 34th, a rugged par 4 for the ladies, Frances held her 1-hole margin when both she and Polly took five. In truth, she was lucky to get this halt, for Polly just missed dropping a 30-footer for her four, and Frances, after too bold an approach putt, had to hole a hard-to-read five-footer coming back for her five. The 17th (or 20th) at Bras Burn is a difficult par 3, 212 yards long, swinging downhill all the way from a high, perched tee to a green protected by trapping along both the left and right sides and by the rambling contours of the fairway before it, which break off toward the traps. Up first, Polly, using a three-wood, played a very fine shot. Hit low, it bounded onto the green, but it was a shade too strong and just did trickle over the back apron into the rough behind. This was a rough break for Polly, but she is a redoubtable chipper and she would no doubt manage her three. With this stem probability confronting her, Mrs. Smith hit an even better shot, a high four-wood that was right on the flag every yard of its flight. It floated down on the front apron and finished about 20 feet short of the hole. Both made good bids for their birdie and halved the hole with three. On to the 35th, 390 yards, most of them uphill. Mrs. Smith was still 1 up. Here, as composed as if she were merely out for an evening walk, Frances won the hole and the match, and insured the 4½-4½ tie in the team match by playing a straight drive

down the right side of the fairway, and following it with a beautifully hit three-iron that almost struck the base of the flagstick.

Frances Stephens Smith is the daughter of a Lancashire professional, Fred Stephens of the Bootle Golf Club, outside of Liverpool. As one of her countrymen put it during the week, "Frances is a very plain girl, of face and figure. In a gathering she is retiring to the point of invisibility. You hear talk of negative charm, and maybe this is what she has, but I think it is more than that. She has such a lovely manner about her you like her immensely, and there is such fortitude in this girl that you admire her immensely." Frances has won the British Ladies' Championship twice and the English Championship three times. Some three years ago, she married Ray Smith, a test pilot for Scottish Airways. It was an extremely happy marriage. Last summer he was killed in a plane crash, a few months after the birth of their daughter. Frances started to play golf again this spring. In her first tournament, the Lancashire County Championship, she was eliminated in the first round. She looked better in

the Intercounty matches and, when her play in the British Championship convinced the selectors she was very much her old self, she was named to the Curtis Cup team for the fifth time.

To come through in the clutch just once, as Frances did at Brim Barn, is no small accomplishment. To come through as regularly as she has—well, I don't really know what one can say. In any event, here, for your astonishment, is her record in Curtis Cup competition:

1934. In her debut in the cup matches, at the Country Club of Buffalo, she won her foursome (with Elizabeth Price) 1 up, the first of her many journeys to the 36th green. In the singles she faced Mrs. Mark Parter. Three down with three to play, she won the 34th, 35th and 36th to halve the match. On the crucial 36th (390 yards) she put her approach six feet from the hole.

1935. The match was held at Muirfield. Partnered with Jessie Valentine, Frances was beaten in the foursomes. In the singles, something went wrong, and she didn't go to the 36th green, only to the 35th in defeating Marjorie Lindsey.

1934. At Merion, Frances again lost

her foursome but, playing in the No. 1 slot in the singles, collared Mary Lena Faulk 1 up. Frances won the 36th with a birdie 4. After pulling her second into the rough, from an awkward sidehill stance she contrived to manufacture a shot that got the ball onto the green . . . five feet from the cup.

1936. In this match, played at Prince's in Kent, Frances won her foursome (with Elizabeth Price) and became the direct agent of the British Isles' 5-4 victory when she won the decisive match from Polly Riley on the 36th.

1938. Brim Barn. A victory in the foursome with Janette Robertson and, as we have described, once again all the way to the 36th in the cup-deciding singles.

How does Frances Smith do it? What does she have that enables her to work such wonders? Her friends explain it something like this. She holds onto her diving in the most nerve-wracking situations because she has superb concentration. She holds onto her concentration because she has a purposefulness that never wavers and a wondrous heart. I suppose that this is all there is to it except a fine talent for golf.

Frances Smith had to fly back to England the day after the Curtis Cup matches were over and, so, could not play in the Women's Amateur Championship, which started about a week later at the West Hurn Country Club in Darke, Conn., in the heartland of what sociologists, I believe, call the Gargantuan Living Belt, where a Martini is usually referred to, in an intimate tone, as a Martin or even a Mart and where a few old timers are still persevering with automobiles operated by an automatic gear shift. Had Mrs. Smith been able to appear at the championship, I am sure she would have been struck by the size of the field (a record 188 entrants owing handicaps of 6 or less) and by the thought-provoking youthfulness of the large majority of the entrants. The end of summer seems to be the time of year when one realizes with some acuteness that another year has flown by and that this no doubt is the reason why the old call mackerel hunch into a hard knot after he has ascended a little pile of a hill. For myself the over-weather flight of the years used to be symbolized by the sudden realization in late August that we

FRANCES SMITH (LEFT) AND HER FOURSOME PARTNER, JANETTE ROBERTSON



were already voting for a new Miss Rheingold when it could not possibly have been three months before, five at the most, that we were registering in the primaries for the last election. The Women's Amateur has now become for many of us an even sharper annual dagger because, as one gets older, she feels longgetting younger. Two of the best golfers at Wee Burn were Judy Elliot, the 17-year-old National Junior champion, and Sherry Wheeler, the 17-year-old runner-up in that event. They are not just good "girl golfers"—they are good golfers. Well, as Old Tom Morris said to Andy Kirkcaldy in his famous burr as they walked off the 18th green at St. Andrews, "Ait' hie, aipint' o' hie."

AnneQuast, the 21-year-old champion from the state of Washington, who gained the championship at Darien, is a perfect illustration of what this tournament has been coming to. She was all of 14 when she made her first appearance in it at Portland in 1932 (and incidentally won her first-round match). Between then and her notable victory at Wee Burn, she has twice been a quarter-finalist and once a semifinalist. En route to becoming a champion she has had to work hard, not so much on her game as on her competitive temperament. High-kicked by nature—she is an unusually aware and responsive girl—she has had to learn how to stuff her intensity and allow enough breathing space

to enable her obvious aptitude for playing golf shots to come through. Over the years Anne's swing has remained fairly much the same. It is a good and sound swing, necessarily, but by the best standards not a really pretty one, there being a sense of lift in the way she takes the club back and a fairly pronounced dip in the downswing as the shoulders turn the arms into the ball. I mention these aspects of Anne's swing because they are usually part and parcel of the technique of a scotter-hitter, and she is exactly the reverse—as straight as a string. On her afternoon round in the final against Barbara Remack, the 1934 champion, Anne hit every fairway when she was playing a wood off the tee. All in all, she was off the fairway only three times on those 18 holes: on the short 7th or 20th where she pulled her iron into a trap; on the 24th where she made a similar error on her approach; and on the 34th, a par 5, where her second, a long fairway wood, rolled over the left side of the green into the fringe of tall grass which Joe Day of the USGA, "The Father of the American Rough," had ordained as a collar.

Anne is nearly always this straight, and my game, for what it is worth, is that this avorable down-the-middleness comes from the superb "square" position on the club her left hand commands from the beginning of the address and from her cultivated instinct for driving her hands and the clubhead square through the ball no

matter how hard she may be toiling on a shot. She also has the valuable gift, which is not common among women players, of judging distance very well on her iron shots, and this as much as any one factor set up her 1-up victory over JoAnne Gunderson, the defending champion, in their semifinal match, in which Anne was outdriven by 22 yards on the average and on one hole, where she did not miss her tee shot, by 63 yards. JoAnne does that to everyone. Her wonderful hip drive puts her hands in the strongest position possible, as it does for the best male players, and she can powder that ball 285 yards on occasion, swinging within herself. She probably averages about 240 yards off the tee.

JoAnne—to digress for a moment—is the most colorful personality women's golf has produced in quite some time. On the course, in addition to playing such ball-blooded shots, she goes at the game as if it were a game, approaching the whole complicated business with a genuine friendliness of spirit that makes the speeches on sportsmanship by self-appointed character-builders seem like the palest gauze indeed. On the 14th hole of her semifinal with AnneQuast (with whom she roomed during the week), Anne outdrove her for just about the only time during the match. JoAnne had just lost three holes in a row, and you could certainly have excused her if she had been all grumpy at the moment but, as she walked past Anne on her way to the ball, she looked over, as casual as ever, and said with a private wink, "Hello, slagger." She has apparently limitless energy. In the Curtis Cup, she was carried to the 16th green by Jennie Valentine in an exhausting match. The next minute she was running full tilt out onto the course and up the steep wall of the hill on the 17th to meet homecoming her teammates who were still deeply embroiled in their matches. At Wee Burn in her semifinal, when her drive on the crucial 16th ended in an unplayable lie in the rough, she loped all the way back to the tee, laced out a magnificent drive and came loping all the way down the fairway again, easily. She is something, this girl!

To defeat JoAnne (who had gone to the turn in 35, two under), Anne, as we have mentioned indirectly, had to make up a three-hole deficit on the last nine. Earlier in the week, in the



GAUNT AND GUNDERSON EAT AND TELEPHONE AFTER THEIR SEMIFINAL MATCH

continued



From the American Ministry of Agriculture, Bureau of Entomology and Plant Quarantine, U.S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D.C.

"After golf in Puerto Rico, I was introduced to dry rum, and I brought the glad news back to Cleveland."

"We had just finished eighteen triumphant holes on Puerto Rico's new Dorado course," reports Leslie G. Browder, Jr., of Cleveland, "when a daiquiri was put into my hand.

"After the first taste, I knew that this daiquiri was unlike any I had ever tasted before. Clear. Bright. Brilliant.

"Puerto Rican rum is remarkably dry. I've introduced my friends in Cleveland to rum, and we're drinking it in a variety of drinks.

"Daiquiris, of course. Rum and Tonic. Rum

Collins. Rum punch. There is no end to the list of rum drinks. And every one tastes good.

"With Puerto Rican rum, limes, lemons, and a little imagination, you can please everybody. Almost."

Daiquiri Recipe: 1½ oz. white Puerto Rican rum, juice ½ lime or 1 lemon, ¾ teaspoon sugar. Shake well with ice and pour. For free rum recipes, write: Rum of Puerto Rico, Dept. B-4, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York 15, N. Y.



Daiquiri glass



CLIPPER CRAFT GOES TO THE ROOTS OF IVY

*Why a "jury" from the
8 Ivy League colleges solidly endorses "The Authentic Look"
Clipper Craft's Ivy clothing for men of all ages.*

Once only a ripple in the mainstream of fashion, Ivy has now become a wellspring of inspiration to the top designers in men's clothing. Ivy's influence has done much to make men's clothing more interesting.

Yet, as Ivy has spread, it has been diluted. Much of the clothing being sold as Ivy is, at best, only a distant cousin. If a man wants authenticity, he has to be on guard.

True Ivy fashion, however, is not hard to come by. It's being made today under "The Authentic Look" label by Clipper Craft, one of America's largest manufacturers of

men's clothing. And many hundreds of fine stores throughout the country will be featuring "Authentic Look" suits, sport coats and topcoats this Fall.

The genuineness of "Authentic Look" clothing is beyond question. It satisfies all such criteria as natural shoulders, narrow lapels, lapel seams, stitched edges, hooked vents, pleated trousers, tapered sleeves and trousers. But authenticity is more than the sum of these parts. It's a matter of silhouette and hang. Clipper Craft's "Authentic Look" clothing was examined and worn by real experts — leaders from

all eight Ivy League colleges. "Authentic" was the verdict, without dissent.

Thus, Clipper Craft goes to the roots of Ivy. And since Clipper Craft's tradition of value is as firm as the Ivy tradition itself, "Authentic Look" suits in magnificent imported fabrics are priced at only \$50, \$55 and \$59.50; sport coats at \$35 and \$45; topcoats at \$30 (slightly higher in the West). If you don't know a dealer offhand, write to **Clipper Craft at 18 Station Street, Boston 20, Mass.**



4 Ivy Fashionists Photographed at an Ivy League College. The "jury," left to right: Robert Salts, Penn.; David Shapiro, Columbia; David Brown, Princeton; Robert Lawrence, Cornell; Jim Alexander, Dartmouth; Elliot Spira, Harvard; Jerome Pike, Brown; and Mike Caruso, Yale. The "moderator" (seated on table), whose college days are chronicled behind him, is also wearing an "Authentic Look" suit. His, however, has been modified to conform to a more mature figure.



Tip from the Top

TOMMY BOLT, *Paradise Golf Club, Crystal River, Fla.*

Technique for the middle irons

THE five-iron is one of my favorite clubs because, of all the irons, it seems to be the most natural utility club. If you want to hit it a little lower, you just move the ball back. If you want to hit it a little higher, you move it up a bit. You do the same with all the clubs to modify the flight of your shots, of course, but the five, maybe because it is the middle iron, somehow hits me as most adaptable for playing particular golf shots particular ways. Ordinarily I play the five with the ball in the center of my stance and I try to cut across the ball just a shade from left to right. You tend to pull across the ball if you try to come into it dead square.

When I'm playing the five and the other middle irons, the main thing I concentrate on is swinging with an even tempo, letting the clubhead do the job and not trying to increase the tempo and speed of my swing just before impact. Most of the 80- and 90-golfers I see forget all about tempo with the middle irons. This accounts for the fact that for every green they hit with these clubs, they hit six or seven approaches into the traps either on the left or right of the green. Granted that the average golfer can't wait for the clubhead as long as a pro can, but he can wait longer than he thinks he can. If he works on waiting just that split second longer, rather than powering the ball and getting the shot over with, he'll play better shots because he has to use the clubhead if he waits on it. So wait on it, men.



NEXT WEEK: *Clarifying Petros on the right-tires*

WOMEN'S GOLF *continued*

fourth round, Pat O'Sullivan, returning to amateur competition in this tournament, had also thrown an outward 36 at Anne and had also stood 3 up at the turn. To play yourself back into a match when your opponent is hitting everything right and holes are running out fast, takes an absolutely indelible determination and, since the ball must be hit in the last analysis, great golf. In the 16-hole final against Barbara Romack, Anne fell behind early in the morning round and at the halfway point was again in her familiar position, 3 down. She was lucky to be that close. For her swing was noticeably faster than usual and her action tight, and Barbara, in peak form, was playing easily and well and looking as if she would go on doing so all day. Early in the afternoon round, swinging better and looking a bit more relaxed in general, Anne picked up two holes when Barbara raised shortish putts, but when she went over par on the 28th and 29th—and was lucky to lose only one of them—she was 2 down once more and in trouble. And then, once again, when most golfers would have subconsciously started rehearsing a graceful runner-up's speech and trying to remember the greenskeeper's name, she mounted a rally which changed the complete complexion of the match. She took the hard 27th with a par when Barbara needed three putts from the edge of the long green. Only 1 down after this, she then went bursting off on a streak of such brilliant golf on the next seven holes that she won four of them, and the match, despite the fact that Barbara played par golf over that stretch. Here is how the new champion did it, shot by shot.

She squared the match on the 28th, a par 6, 477 yards long, with a birdie: a drive down the right side of the downhill fairway; a big three-wood on which she gambled on carrying the ker fairway trap and did so by about four yards; a fine pitch with her nine-iron about eight feet from the cup; and the putt, her first of any length in the afternoon.

IRON HOLE



On the 29th, a 355-yard par 4 where the green is tucked just beyond a menacing burn, she pumped a three-

Iron just over the hazard to within 10 feet of the stick. She missed the putt and halved the hole with Barbara, who had played it equally well.

20TH HOLE



The 30th is a sharp dogleg to the right, 390 yards long. Barbara was in trouble off the tee. Anne was down the middle with her drive and on with her six-iron approach, about 25 feet below the pin. She holed for her birdsie 3 and went out in front, 1 up.

20TH HOLE



Two five fours on the 31st, a short par 3, 427 yards long, doglegging to the left. Anne's drive finished at the extreme corner of the break, a yard inside the edge of the rough. She was about 315 yards from the green, but she hits long fairway woods, and here her three-wood rolled over the green into the rough to the left. She was down in two, chipping to three feet with her nine-iron. Quasi still 1 up.

35TH HOLE



Two fours on the 32nd, a 326-yarder where the sidehill cant of the fairway adds difficulty to the approach. Anne, after a good drive, missed her approach (with a seven-iron) badly, hitting behind the ball and dumping it half the way to the green. She scrambled out her par with a deft pitch with her wedge that bounced up to within two and a half feet of the cup. Interestingly enough, on her first approach, Anne not only missed the shot but her practice swing, launching a nice hunk of turf.

30TH HOLE



A big hit is required on the 33rd, a out-slopper measuring 295 yards, all carry to a tough elevated green. Anne, using her driver, came through

results and

Good Deed



Your 'BOTANY' 500® dealer would like to do you a good deed by showing you the new 'BOTANY' 500® "Compatibles"...designed to go together harmoniously, wherever you go. When you see how every line of these famous suits, sport coats and outercoats are styled to compliment you, you'll know you did yourself a good deed by visiting your 'BOTANY' 500® dealer for a free and friendly try-on.

Illustrated: Smoke Gray Suit \$65

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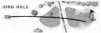
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Arnie's quest was 4 under par for the 18 holes of the afternoon round—and four under for the beautifully played final seven holes in which he won 443-443 1/2 against a par of 544-544 1/2. It is not easy to remember a finish in the final of important match-play championships to compare with it. As a matter of fact, the only one of similar luster I can think of offhand was pulled off in a silent movie called *Spring Fling*, starring William Haines who was unbeatable on the screen. Haines, as I remember it, was 8 down with seven to play. By the 18th he had fought back to even, and then he won the 18th when, with his opponent up there stony for his bird, he holed a full brassie shot. Arnie Page, I think it was, was new in a different light after this, which was the last, he could do.

[illegible]

smiles gravely and looks when introduced. He shakes your hand like all fighters, as though it were a live bird whose tiny bones would break if squeezed. "You are," a man told him, "one of the five clearest-living fighters in all of Mexico, Joe. Tell him that, John." John told it to him in Spanish, and Bocerra smiled and



"SENTIMENTALISMO" IN THE SOUTHLAND

looked at the floor. It was a grand compliment.

Parnassus, a former manager, has an almost paternal attitude towards the Olympic. "I see a man being taken out by an officer," he says. "Perhaps he had had too much to drink. I say to him, 'Would you like to sit down with me?' So we sit down and I talk to him. I do not like to see anyone taken out of my place.

"And there was the time I saw some people tearing down my retaining wall. So I went up to them and I said, 'What are you doing?' 'We are tearing down the wall, Mr. Parnassus,' they said. 'Why are you doing that?' 'Because we do not like the decision,' they said. 'I do not like it either,' I said. 'Here, let me help you.' And I take out a few bricks myself. They all laugh and stop tearing down my wall.

"But the main thing here is to get

the people into the Thursday night habit. I don't want them to ask themselves who is fighting, what is his record, but remember that it is Thursday night and that is the night to go to the fight. Promoting is a business where you have to gamble to make attractions to make up for the losses. I am a gambler."

The Hollywood Legion Stadium is not. Owned and operated as a non-profit, charitable enterprise by Post No. 43 of the American Legion, the marble-and-white building with the movie-modern facade on North El Centro near the center of Hollywood was built in 1933 and seats 6,400.

A CLASSROOM IN HOLLYWOOD

"We're a conservative club," says Jim Ogilvie. "Now that competition between us and the Olympic is getting keen, that's when you have to gamble but we can't; we can't get the pot in a hole on the boxing. That's why we're contemplating getting out of boxing."

Sid Ziff, Sports Editor of the L.A. Mirror-News, quotes Ed Underwood, chairman of the post's board of trustees, on this subject: "We believe," says Underwood, "that the day of the small, independent boxing club is gone and feel the sensible thing to do is to get a fixed income from the property. The Great American Public now wants can of beer and a TV set and the ball with anything else."

The stadium, a spacious and well-lit arena in good repair, is, as Ogilvie says proudly, "wholesome. Fellows can bring their wives and girl friends. Why, until recently, we didn't even sell beer!" But there is an antiseptic, almost classroom air to the place. Elderly Legionnaires of disorderly size carry the flag into the ring before the main bout and the announcer tells you that the United States is "the greatest country in the world."

The night I was there, there were many children in the audience but, in curious opposition, wide-open gambling with fingers flourished for odds.

Now there is a third force in the Southland. It is Bill Rosenbach, the first of the Ivy League promoters, this, as Stanislaus Joyce wrote of a contemporary, as a thrust's shin but dashing, enthusiastic and ingenious. Along with the Legion, TelePromp-Ter and Jack Hurley, Rosenbach promoted the Patterson-Harris fight and, though the take was not as high as he first expected, it was higher than his predictions in the gloomy days before

the fight. "I've got boundless energy," Rosenbach told me during that depressing time. "I look to do things where you put a hell of a lot of energy into a thing and then quit. Sure, I'll go for the big show in the future. And maybe I'll try to get on shows three times a month, too. Win, lose or draw on the Patterson fight, I've learned an awful lot. But whenever I lose I'm going to be cheap; I've got my foot in the door. You know what concerns me more than the dollar is the quality of the fight. This town has been played for a sucker with Silky Sullivan and Pete Rademacher. You've got to take care of the fans, or they won't take care of you."

Although no one truly knows why Los Angeles is a good weekly fight town ("The boxing's the cheapest place in town," a man told me. "For two bucks you can kill a night.") both the Legion and the Olympic feel that their survival has depended upon the audience buildup of local talent. "We made Art Aragon here, for example," says Ogilvie. "We gave him fairly soft opponents. Not too soft, you understand, just soft enough to tease him on. And since there's a small margin of profit in this business, it's cheaper to use a local product. It costs to bring fighters in. If you can keep building up local interest, you get it made." The genial weather and the tradition of consecutive shows have also helped; the Legion has been running 35 years, the Olympic's current series dates back to June, 1942.

Only Ed Underwood, then, sounds a dark note in the Southland. But he will, most likely, have little say in the future. It has been reliably reported that a deal is now being consummated in which new promoters will take over the boxing at the Legion for a figure in the neighborhood of \$150,000 for three years. It has also been learned that Truman Gibson and the International Boxing Club, who have favored the Legion and the Olympic with some half dozen shows a year, are contemplating originating a great many more of their programs from Los Angeles.

"I realize we're still blowing dust out of our heels according to the people back east," says Jack Urick, Executive Officer of the California State Athletic Commission, "but I don't see why we can't make Los Angeles the fight capital of the United States."

Shucks, that's what Leonard Jacobson, in his heavy-cream dinner jacket, was telling the people. **END**



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The big 'Little Olympics'

Stockholm's spectacular meet suggested that Soviet supremacy may be on the wane

THIS quadrennial European Athletic Championships in track and field, coming on the even year between Olympics, are, for Europeans, a real "Little Olympics," with medals, national glory and the non-standard paganism. To outsiders they offer a chance for taking stock. This year's "VI Europamesterskaps (Fri Idrot)" in Stockholm's ivy-and tradition-twined brick Olympic Stadium was the biggest yet—estimated 574 men and 182 women from 28 countries.

Qualitatively, Stockholm was as far ahead of the 1964 Rome Championships that heats and qualifications were lost with performances that would have won the finals there. The results showed that while the U.S.S.R. (11 gold medals, 15 silver) is still easily the leading track-and-field power in Europe, its superiority is by no means so overwhelming as it was a few years ago. Europeans seem to have lost their awe of the Russians. Such traditional track-and-field nations as Britain and Germany are closing the gap, and the big news

is the emergence of the Poles as a first-class team. They won eight gold medals. In nine of 24 men's events the U.S.S.R. failed to place among the first three.

Poland's progress dates back to October 1954, when Stalinist sport functionaries were sacked en masse and replaced with experienced non-political coaches and trainers. The Poles should show up even better in dual meets. This the Russians seem to know—they have been dodging a dual meet with the Poles all year.

In place of a special "Olympic Village," the organizing committee installed four comfortable beds per classroom and special curtains to keep out the early Nordic dawn. Except for the Soviets—who had asked to be alone but who cheerfully ate Swedish food, including prodigious quantities of tomatoes—the teams were thrown together amicably with one or more others: the Yugoslavs uncomplainingly with the Rumanians and Bulgarians, Germans from East and West together with Czechs. The French brought their own chef and 300 bottles of wine. The German team, the largest, with 88 competitors, had its own bread flown in.

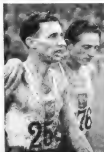
Several well-known names were missing from the Soviet roster of 72, the second largest. Ace distance men Vladimir Kuts and Pyotr Belobriyev and 400-meter man Ardalion Ignatyev had been left home sick; top women discus and shot performers Pomazayeva and Zybina for "uncomradely conduct" and 800-meter star Nina Gukalenko because she was too far off form. And some other Soviet big names disappointed. Yuri Stapanov, whose 7-foot 1-inch world high jump record with nose-darhidden elevator shoes has been officially challenged, got so wrought up over track officials' insisting on inspecting his jumping shoes that he failed to clear 6 feet 9½ inches and placed a sorry sixth. A Prada sportswriter explained, "He is very high-strung." Hammer Star Mikhail Krivonozov could only get a second, and Shotputter Tamara Tyshkevich, pardoned for "uncomradely conduct" in time to compete, dropped the gold medal to West Germany's Marianna Werner.

Not only Soviet favorites had a bad day in Stockholm. Odds-on Greek Pole Vasilis George Roubanis failed to get above 13 feet 5 inches, ended far down in the listings. He blamed the rain, but sharp tongues intimated that Roubanis may have been out too late recently with too many girls. Contestants in Stockholm were secure against the temptations that reportedly delinked champion soccer teams a few weeks ago (SI, July 7). Though the team quarters were discreetly watched to insure privacy, guards were not called upon to repel any assaults by Stockholm's predatory hobby-scorers.

As the men's events were on, an

continued

MUD-SPATTERED Poles, Knapstadtsk and Zimny, after 1-2 run in 5000 meters.



MUD SCRAMBLE came in 800 meters, when Britain's Mike Rawson (412) was pushed off track, surged back to win. Note left foot has stopped off the inside track.



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Photograph by Howard Zief

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TRACK continued

almost too neat pattern emerged: Germans on top in the dashos, British in the middle distances, Poles in the long distances and Soviets in the marathon and long-distance walking events. In the field events, the major news was the breakthrough of the Poles, who took the hammer, discs and javelin throws and even, to Soviet shame, the hop-stop-and-jump. Except for even-reliable Kuznetsov in the decathlon and a sparkling first in the broad jump (25 feet 7½ inches) by lanky, 18-year-old Armenian Igor Ter-Ovanesyan, the Soviets were not up to the gold standard in any field events.

DAMNED GOOD ALIAS

The dominance of Soviet women was not similarly shaken. Sparked by Pentathlon Champion Galina Bystrova, who pocketed the gold medal for the 40-meter hurdles as well, the Red girls quickly sewed up six firsts, seven seconds and four thirds in the 12 women's events.

Germany's commanding lead in the dashes rides largely on the pumping legs of the pride of Cologne—husky, handsome Manfred Gerner. The second day of the meet, the last day before the rains came, Gerner was unexpectedly edged in the 100 meters by his younger teammate, Saarlander Armin Hary, who got such a fast start away from the blocks that Gerner, who takes a second or two to build up steam, could not catch him. Gerner came back on the next to the last day to take his specialty, the 200 meters, in an impressive 21.9 seconds in a drizzling rain and over a soggy track. On the meet's final afternoon, in similarly watery weather, he moved Gerner's first place in the 400-meter relay, after Hary had lost it by hogging the pace—a congenial flaw of German relay teams. With Martin Lauer's 13.7-second gold medal in the 110-meter hurdles, this gave Germany a sweep of all the firsts in distances below 400 meters.

Germany's gold medals created an embarrassing protocol problem, since the team included athletes from two Germanies with different national anthems, though the same flag. The organizing committee had decided to substitute an innocuous fanfare for the national anthem usually played during the medal presentation, but this did not suit the West German fans, the most numerous and vocal

of the out-of-town guests. They simply stood up and began singing the Deutschland-Lied, and by the time the meet ended this improvisation had achieved the sanction of custom.

Britain's clean sweep of gold medals in the middle distances was most endangered in the 800 meters—a wild donnybrook featuring such as yet unrecognized tactics as shoving, gauging, kicking, shoulder-charging and elbowing. The organizing committee had asked for trouble by starting it at the end of the stretch, just at the beginning of the first turn, with no starting lanes leading around the turn. Naturally, at the gun everyone lunged for the post. In the first suicidal heat a hapless Dutchman was knocked to the ground and trampled on; in the second, the pack got so engaged in slugging on the first turn that it never separated at all, but went around two rib-raiding laps in a cluster, like an angry swarm of bees. In the final Mike Rawson, a Birmingham boy who does not shrink from body contact, drew the post. At the gun, seven rivals hurtled at him. Rawson was pushed off the track and onto the grass for a couple of steps, while the herd thundered past him. At the end of the first lap Rawson was far back, but his anger and determination were growing. Coming off the final turn, Rawson made his move from fifth, found a gap and slipped through to win in 1:47.8. The officials promptly disqualified him for stepping out. "Like hell I stepped out," Rawson protested. "I was pushed and lucky not to be thrown on my back." The judges reconsidered, and next day Rawson got his gold medal.

Most observers considered why Sergei Popov's marathon victory over the tough hill-and-dale course the outstanding performance of the meet. While the capacity crowd of 28,000 huddled under umbrellas eating corn bars (hot dogs) and drinking coffee to ward off the cold, the wiry Irkutsk electrician methodically slugged his way to a 2:16:17 win. Popov's run must be one of the greatest of recent years—yet Sweden thought it eclipsed last week, at the International meet at Gothenburg which followed the European Games, when the fabulous Australian, Herb Elliott, ran 1,500 meters in 3:36. This is more than two seconds under the latest world record, and is the equivalent of a 2:33 mile. **END**

The old man got his answers

**One was good, one bad, and
the good one massed victory
in the Hambletonian**

Mrs. Fred Egan had a stiff belt of Old Forester from a coffee mug and walked from his barn to the track to watch the Hambletonian. "Come on, boy," he said to the gray-haired reporter accompanying him, "let's see who wins."

At 78, erect, sturdy and clear-eyed, Egan (81, Aug. 25) is a monument to the health-giving properties of bourbon whiskey and the profession of horse trainer. Last fall, on his 78th birthday, he had driven a filly named Cousin Hanover to victory in the rich Kentucky Futurity and promptly quit driving in races. But he was still, as he had been for more than half a century, perhaps the best trainer of colts in the business.

All those years, too, Egan has represented the finest traditions of harness racing, which mean, simply, devotion to the horse as a sporting animal rather than as an instrument for public betting. This last pursuit, over recent decades, has served the useful purpose of introducing millions of Americans to trotting but has also tended to reduce it to a nighttime, pari-mutuel crap game.

NO BETTING ON RACE

As he walked to the track, Egan could reflect with pride on the enduring traditions. For here in Du Quoin, Illinois, a hundred miles from any city of size, more than 10,000 people were streaming into the Fairgrounds—just to watch a horse race. There is no betting at Du Quoin.

Egan was dressed for the occasion—the climactic race of the year—in high-burned shoes, faded blue shirt and buggy, cuffless trousers held up by well-worn gaiters. No tie, no coat. No attempt to suggest he was anything but a horse trainer.

He had two horses in the race, one



IN HIS FIRST BIG RACE, FLICK NIPE BROKE EMILY'S PRIDE HOME EASILY IN 100

a filly named Emily's Pride, the other a colt named Gang Awa. Emily is a plain Jane among these finely bred animals, long-faced and flat-necked, with ears that stand out a little too far to be fashionable, and hips and shoulders that stick out at odd angles. Gang Awa was the handsomest colt on the track, a brilliant chestnut with near-perfect conformation. Thus far in the season, however, Emily was easily the better race horse, winning eight of 12 starts, while Gang Awa had won one in 11. But the chestnut was still Fred Egan's favorite, perhaps because he posed the bigger problem.

For two years Egan had been pointing Gang Awa for this one race, patiently training him for a single performance. And all had been well until early this summer. A combination of bad weather and a slight indisposition had kept Gang Awa away from the races for a month and upset Egan's schedule. This was bad enough, but the colt's first race after the layoff was the real blow. Gang Awa had been parked outside all the way, had been corralled to punish himself in a losing cause when he was not ready for such exertion. Ever since, not

unreasonably, the sight of the long homestretch at the end of a tough race had discouraged him. Either he wouldn't try, or he couldn't.

After he explained this, Egan answered the important question, which was: After a horse loses heart, can you ever put it back in him? The answer was a slow, worried shrug.

There was a question about Emily, too. All season she had trotted away from other fillies with ease, but could she stand off the repeated challenges of colts who would be coming at her every step of the way in the Hambletonian?

To bring him the answers to these questions, Egan had hired Johnny Simpson to drive Gang Awa and had given the reins to Emily's Pride to his assistant trainer, Flick Niipe who, at 44, would be driving in his first big race. Simpson, last year's Hambletonian winner behind Hickey Smoke, is a superb driving tactician; he would certainly bring Gang Awa through the 14-horse field in good position to show, at the stretch, whether he had the heart to win. Flick, trying hard to pretend this was just another race and not the

continued

opportunity of a lifetime, could be counted on to give Emily her chance against the colts.

Egan took his accustomed place on the track in the dust of the paddock turn where horse trainers watch races, and waited. "I'm nervous, boy," he said. "We should have brought along that bottle." He stood for The Star-Spangled Banner and watched the parade of Hambletonian horses led by old-time champion Pronto Don, who pulled a high-wheeled sulky of the type that passed out of style around the turn of the century. Fred Egan was probably the only man present ever to have driven such a sulky in a trotting race.

In the first heat of the Hambletonian, one of Fred Egan's questions got a clear answer. Johnny Simpson brought Gang Awa to the head of the homestretch in the middle of the track, clear of other horses and with an open shot at the finish line. He was sixth—and that's where he finished. Simpson came to Egan, and the old man's eyes asked the question. "You want the truth, Fred?" Simpson said. Egan nodded grimly, well aware of what he would hear. "He just wouldn't go after those lead horses," Simpson said. Gang Awa was finished for the afternoon, and Fred Egan knew it.

His personal favorite was through, but his filly was something else again. Flick Nips had taken Emily to the front before the quarter pole, and she stayed there all the way, trotting as if it were a morning workout. At the top of the stretch, she had yet to be challenged seriously, and Flick Nips came home looking behind him, saving Emily for the next heat. She did it so easily that it appeared that all the other drivers were also saving their horses—until you looked at the time. It was 2:00½, just ½ of a second off the Hambletonian record. Emily had the speed, all right, and if there was still doubt about her ability to fight off challenges, what difference did that make? Who in that field would ever get close enough to challenge her?

Well, it turned out in the next heat that all the other horses in the race would get that chance. Though she started from the No. 1 post position, Emily could not make the top at the first turn, and she had homes all around her. Sharpshooter, a sparky, determined colt driven by Harry

Pownall, took the lead, and Flick tucked in right behind him. For most horses, this is the best spot on the track; someone else is obliged to set the pace and cut the wind. But Emily would have none of it. She fought to go out and around Sharpshooter and got up frowl in familiar territory, and Flick couldn't let her. Another horse was ranging up alongside. In the struggle down the backstretch Emily slammed her foot into the wheel of Sharpshooter's sulky and went off stride. In the resulting jam-up, other horses also broke (including Gang Awa), and one of the men on Sharpshooter's sulky went flat. To all real purpose, the heat was over for Emily. She finished 12th. Joe O'Brien brilliantly threaded the maze of breaking horses with Little Rocky and hung on to win. There would have to be a third heat to decide the winner of the Hambletonian.

Egan watched all this without a sound or trace of expression, motionless in the dust. "Come on, boy," he finally said to the reporter, "this time I really need a drink."

They walked the long way back to the deserted barn area. Egan had his drink and they walked back—all of it in silence broken only by one sentence from Egan. "She'll be all right," he said. It was said flatly. He was sure. Because of where she had finished in the last heat, Emily would have 12th post position next time; she would have to come around a lot of horses to make the top, but Egan was sure she could do it. The question of her gameness would finally be answered.

A SECOND MILK

In the deciding heat, the lead changed hands three times over the first three-quarters of a mile. The shuffling on the backstretch was like a mad square dance as horses moved in, out and sideways in the field. Through all of it, Emily's Pride was two or three wide, far from the comforting presence of the tail, under the strain and pressure of all-out competition coming at her. She took it until just before the three-quarter pole, when Flick decided to find out the ultimate answer to the question. He called on her, and Emily didn't even hesitate. She had gone one blistering mile, one discouraging mile and was just finishing the toughest three-quarters of her life—but she was ready. Around the paddock turn she opened up yards of light over the

field and came into the stretch trotting in high spirits, when she had every right to be exhausted. It is a fact that if Flick had wanted to push her, she would have won by several lengths. As it was, she sailed through the stretch until yards from the finish, when she easily handled a last challenge by Ralph Baldwin's game but outclassed Sandalwood. Even so, the time was 1:59 4/5, a new record for the Hambletonian.

As the postrace uproar began, with photographers, reporters and assorted dignitaries jostling the track and the winner's circle, Fred Egan headed for the nearest exit. He had his answers. Speeches and flowers and trophies were for the owners and drivers of horses, not him.

"Fred," said the reporter, "you just can't get away with this. You've got to go up there and take your medicine. Come on, boy."

"I hate all that fuss," said Egan. "I'm hungry. Get me out of here or I'll go myself."

So the reporter got some help and shoved the old man into a waiting jeep that took him through the crowd on the track and up to the winner's circle. There in his faded shirt and gaiters, surrounded by pretty girls and flowers and a few horse-owning millionaires, Egan heard himself accosted by the governor of Missouri and other speechmakers. He took it as long as he could, slipped away at the first chance and was soon driving away from the track in search of peace and a steak.

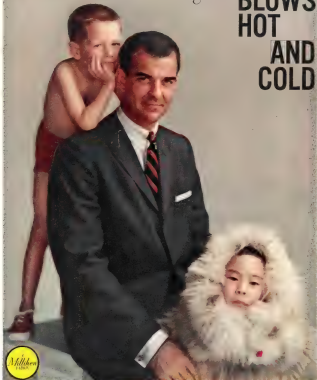
As the car rolled along in quiet, it was hard not to ask this silent, thoughtful old man what it was like, at 78, to achieve the greatest triumph of a memorable career. Out of respect and to avoid "fuss," the question was never asked, but Egan sensed it was there, hanging in the silence.

"Well, boy," he said, "all that's left now is to eat and sleep and wait to die."

Don't believe it. He said it with a twinkle, not a sigh. A good bet is that he was thinking of a frail little 2-year-old filly of his named Emily's Star. Emily's Star was in the stall next to her big sister, Emily's Pride, on Hambletonian Day. She couldn't have missed all the hoopla that followed her sister's winning the big race. If it hasn't occurred to her how nice it would be to be the center of attraction in De Quoin next year, it has to Fred Egan.

END

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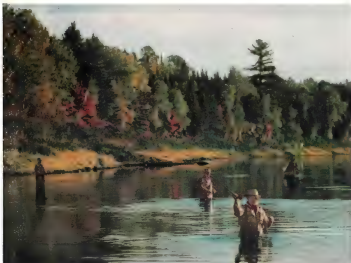
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The Miramichi's wealth of Atlantic salmon has earned it a worldwide sporting reputation

Photographed by Hans Knapp

THE Miramichi, which tumbles and glides through New Brunswick, Canada on its way to the sea, is one of the most fabled of Atlantic salmon rivers. Mention its name to a salmon fisher and he will likely tell you in reverent tones of its plenitude of salmon and of the illustrious sportsmen it has drawn for a hundred years and more. And, if he knows his river history well, he may tell you that Arthur Train found the germ of more than one Mr. Tuit story on the Miramichi, and that many of H. T. Webster's timeless angling cartoons were born there. Without doubt, the salmon fisher will tell you of the bright 20-pound fish he fought for an hour there, hooked perhaps on a fly named Destroyer or Black Bear in a pool named Vickers or Wolf. And he will speak of his favorite camp; it may be Griffin's, Carpe-

bell's, Boyd's, Doctor's Island or one of many others which are rich in the traditions of fishing the Atlantic salmon with a fly. Fly-angling on the Miramichi begins when the ice roars downstream in mid-April. For a month thereafter gaunt, spawned-out salmon which have wintered in the river and are called *awarded kelts*, *skiffs* or *black salmon* dash for the ocean. These are voracious fish, and they rise to the fly with enthusiasm. Then, late in May, *fresh-run* salmon driven by the overwhelming urge to spawn enter the river. They are not feeding, and their whimsical approach to the fly challenges the angler. The run rises to a climax in September, and that is the sportsman's month for, of the 30,000 salmon killed each year with rod and fly on the Miramichi, more than half are taken during the final 30 days of the season. The limit is six fish a day, 31 a week, and it is rarely filled with ease even by the wise men of salmon fishing. But, no matter how many fish they hook and bring exhausted to canoe or bank, they release most of them so they may live and spawn and help keep the Miramichi among the greatest of Atlantic salmon rivers.





LUNCH BREAK Fly Wadd Pool is enjoyed by Elmer Bathhouse of Lexington, N.Y., left, Guide Bryan Connors, John G. Thoms

of Flushing, N.Y., and Fred D. Fowler of Weston, Mass. Coffee tops all meals, which included steaks, chops, potatoes and pie.



TRUMPHTANT ANGLER Jim Doran, owner of the Angler's Room tackle store in New York City, belts 14-pound salmon while Justin Colvin of San Francisco looks on.

SEPTEMBER MOON finds Jim Doran (foreground) and fellow sportmen casting over salmon lies in Vickers Pool. Lies are resting areas used by salmon year after year.

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CHARLES GOREN / Cards

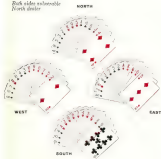
Watch out for an early hoax

DURING the many new subjects the atomic age has added to the programs of our great engineering schools, I know of none offering a course in the engineering of hoaxes.

It is unlikely that I can remedy this lack in the space of one short article, but I can at least assert a first principle: the essential ingredient is speed. The field does not offer a career to anyone addicted to late sleeping, for an early start is obligatory if the victim is to be caught flat-footed.

It is by no means a rare experience to be confronted with a contract that simply cannot be fulfilled unless at least one opponent can be fooled. The type of deception herein recommended is not to be confused with the tactics known as "coffeehousing," to which we have made some reference in the past. It simply depends upon trapping your victim before he is aware of the nature of his danger. For example:

Each side vulnerable
North dealer



NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
10	9	8	7
6	5	4	3
2	1	A	K

Opening lead: diamond 10

There was not much artistry in the bidding. The North hand is not easy to rebid and, as a consequence, many players would be reluctant to open. North's rule to three hearts is also somewhat doubtful, even though in support of South's free bid. In cases of this kind, we usually prefer to rebid a nonrebidable suit rather than offer partner undue encouragement by raising the level of the contract. South's subsequent leap to six hearts was based somewhat on the expectation of finding a reasonably good spade suit in partner's hand.

The opening diamond lead was ruffed by declarer. Apparently two spade tricks would have to be lost. Against perfect defense, South could make his contract only if one defender held the king and queen of spades unguarded. To this hope declarer added the chance of making contract against an adversary with the king and any smaller spade. He gave the defense an opportunity for a slip by immediately leading a spade to dummy's ace.

This play was made before East was aware of the danger that lurked in his possession of the king. No doubt he should have unleased that dangerous card even at this early point, but his failure to do so at trick two is perhaps barely pardonable.

After cashing the ace of spades, declarer ruffed dummy's remaining diamond and then played one round of trumps. Fortunately, each opponent had to follow suit else East might have had one more opportunity to get rid of his danger card. South then cashed his king of clubs, crossed to dummy's club ace and trumped the last club. A spade play now imposed upon East the doubtful pleasure of leading. Whether East chose to lead a diamond or a club, declarer could ruff in dummy while discarding the losing spade from his hand.

It is reasonable to assume that if declarer had gone about the business of stripping the hand before leading the ace of spades, East would have had time to collect his wits. Suspecting the trap, he would no doubt have unleased the king of spades on dummy's ace. In the rebid of the incident, East contended that to drop the king of spades at trick two would have required clairvoyance. We discreetly abstained from comment.

EXTRA TRICK

However, the time for discretion has passed. East was a late sleeper, deaf to the danger of what should have been a signal alarm. The very fact that declarer led a spade, without drawing a single round of trumps, should arouse suspicion. Whenever a good player departs from the usual order of play, watch out. He may be a hoax engineer getting ready for the last one.



TEN MEN AND A \$40 CUP

TEXT BY GEORGE PLIMPTON

DRAWINGS BY JEROME SNYDER

THE PORTRAIT GALLERY which starts on the opposite page sketches in line and prose 10 men, each of whom in a particular way contributed to the century-long history of the famous yachting trophy, the America's Cup. The history of any great trophy is not only a matter of the statistics of victory and defeat, but also, and primarily, it is a human record. It is perhaps enough to know about the America's Cup that it was won in an English regatta in 1851 by the schooner *America*; that after nearly being melted down for inscribed medals it was pulled from a carpenter's half-forgotten in a Greenwich Village townhouse in 1857, and decided to the New York Yacht Club as a challenge cup open to challengers from foreign countries;

and that 18 times British yachtsmen have challenged for the cup and on each occasion have gone away empty-handed—a remarkable testimonial to American yachting skill.

But it is the men involved in competition for the cup who have made its history one of the most colorful in sports—a history always flamboyant, and marked with competitive spirit at its highest. They spent freely, even prodigally, of their time, their money and their energy to build sailing craft which were the finest in the world, in which to compete on open ocean waters for a trophy which through the years assumed the status of a legend—and thus they acquired, each to some degree, something of a legendary character themselves.

JAMES STEVENS

The better who started it all

HIS was the son of a Hoboken family of railroad promoters, the playboy of the family, a fancier of cricket (he tried unsuccessfully to introduce the game in the U.S.), a gambler who wagered as much as \$10,000 on a horse race, the founder of the New York Yacht Club in 1844 and, in 1850, the organizer of the syndicate which built the schooner *America*, for which the cup was to be named. His motives in ordering the yacht were twofold. As a keen competitor he felt compelled to accept the British suggestion that this country send abroad a representative of American nautical skill; as a gambler (in those days cash bets running to thousands of dollars were an accepted adjunct to yacht racing) he thought any investment would be returned many times over. Unhappily, the first sight of his rakish craft in English waters discouraged not only all betting but almost all racing; the only tangible return to Stevens' investment was the famous silver pitcher, worthless as a container, being open at both ends, and valued at perhaps \$40 on the bullion market. It scarcely figured its momentous role in history.



GEORGE STEERS

A seasick builder with a passion

HIS seemed to have none of the attributes one would expect of the yacht designer. His great love, the sea, treated him roughly: he was made seasick by the slightest swell; to compound his miseries, he could never leave New York Harbor without suffering extreme paroxysms of homesickness and while he traveled to England aboard the famous yacht which he created, the trip was torture for him. Yet he had a passion for yachts; he was only 10 years old when he built his first boat—a scow so dangerously unworthy that his older brother destroyed it. He was just into his 30s when he designed and built *America*, staking his career on the bold concept of her lines, absorbed in her, spending his off days adzing and smoothing the surfaces of her hull. She was so fast that after her victory around the Isle of Wight a rumor swept the Solent that she had a propeller. Curious sightseers in rowboats circled her stern. "I would not wager a guinea against the Yankee craft," said a famous clergyman, "but I will give a hundred to see her bottom"—an unintentional tribute to the remarkable genius of her young designer.

CONTINUED

JOHN ASHBURY

The dandy who evened the odds

THE first challenger for the cup, John Ashbury was a tall, pale man with a habit of running delicate fingers through his beard, a dandy who bathed every night before dinner—to the vast suspicion of the Saturday-night-bathing American public. The New York Yacht Club looked upon him with equivalent suspicion which mounted, eventually, to horrified indignation. Able to thwart Ashbury's first challenge in 1879 by sending a fleet of 23 yachts against him, they found themselves recipients of such a storm of letters, counterplots and threats from the outraged Englishman that they were forced to bow to him and permit his second challenge, also unsuccessful, to be run as a match race between two yachts much as it is today. The change was not made gracefully. Ashbury's letters were so vindictive that the New York Yacht Club returned three trophies he had donated. Despite his methods, however, his determination to even the odds between defender and challenger was the first great shaping force in the cup's history.



LORD DUNRAVEN

Protests, outcries, Furies

THE ARCHVILLAIN in the annals of the New York Yacht Club is not Ashbury, but an English peer who came along 22 years later to contest for the cup. He was Lord Dunraven, twice a challenger with his two Vellyvins and famed in yachting history for accusations of fraud and deceit as shrill as any war cries uttered by the Teutonic Furies after which his yachts were named.

When he first challenged, Dunraven was in his early 50s. He was a soldierly, energetic man with a large nose and a ruddy face. He had given up violin playing for yachting following his graduation from Oxford: "The violin," he said in explanation, "requires suppleness and delicacy of the hands and fingers; handling ropes, rowing, etc., are incompatible with that necessary condition." His first challenge is no way forecast the unpleasantness that was to come. He lost in three straight races, all close but without incident. He was a popular loser. He had tried hard—even to the extent of attempting to improve the physical condition of his crew with a nonalcoholic health mixture of his own devising, a black-bird concoction referred

to in the press as a Valkyrie cocktail. For his colorful though bizarre personality (he kept monkeys and an aviary of birds in his hotel suite), he was widely feted by New York hostesses; his style of dress (he wore pink shirts) and particularly his footwear were copied by a few of the more eccentric elegants of the day—a witness to the extent of his popularity since at the time Durraven was suffering severely from gout and limped around New York in a brown shoe and a slipper.

The first inkling of the disastrous break in relations that subsequently developed was contained in a letter from Durraven to the New York Yacht Club just before the start of the series between his second challenger Valkyrie III and the American boat *Defender*. It was a request that both challenger and defender be measured and marked at the waterline. Durraven pointed out that it was possible to add ballast surreptitiously to increase the waterline length. Since it is axiomatic that the lengthier the hull in the water the faster a yacht is capable of moving, Durraven was implying the possibility of deceit. It was a strangely worded request, and no one is quite sure what prompted Durraven to make such an implication, except that possibly he had heard a rumor prevalent that year that tampering with water ballast had been alleged on a yacht owned by C. G. Iselin, the manager and a member of the *Defender* syndicate. In any case, the New York Yacht Club dutifully appointed a committee, and the day before the first race measurements were taken.

Late that same night, Valkyrie's crew noticed some strange activity aboard *Defender*. They reported to Durraven that the tender *Matie Palmer* was lying alongside *Defender* and that, amid the sound of hammering and clink of iron, the crew were seen carrying bulky weights from one boat to the other.

Naturally, Durraven took a good look at *Defender* the next morning, and she seemed to him to be three or four inches lower in the water. Following his defeat in the first race, he called for another measurement—which was found to be an eighth of an inch off the original, such an insignificant figure that the New York Yacht Club considered the matter closed.

Durraven made no further mention of ballast during the series, which was unfortunately marred by other incidents and protests, but on his return to England he made public his charge that ballast had been added to *Defender* before the first race. The reaction of the New York Yacht Club was immediate. C. Oliver Iselin called for a full investigation. "I stand before the world," he wrote, "solemnly charged with an offense as base as could possibly be imputed to a sportsman and a gentleman." A hearing was called, and Durraven renounced the ocean to personally repeat his charges. He failed to prove them. The testimony disclosed that the suspicious activity aboard *Matie Palmer* was simply cutting in half lead pigs momentarily removed from the narrow bilge of *Defender* in order to stow them farther down and thus increase her stability. Public feeling turned completely against Durraven when he persisted in his charges; he finally became the subject of a pun repeated at sessions ("has he done ravin' yet?") and left the country a thoroughly disliked figure . . . casting a pall upon America's Cup racing that only the benevolent figure of Sir Thomas Lipton, 3 years later, could dispel.

'MISTER NAT'

A misanthropic wizard

TO his few acquaintances Nathaniel Hornsby was known as Captain, or "Mister," Nat, but to the outer world he was famous as "The Wizard of Bristol"—an accurate sobriquet which suggested not only the magic of his inventiveness as a designer and engineer, but also indicated something of the mystery of his personality. He was a gloomy, taciturn New Englander, who stalked around his yards in Bristol, R.I., with a walrus stick tucked under his arm; highly strung and irritable, a misanthrope of extraordinary secretiveness, whose sole satisfaction was in hard work to which he dedicated himself from 6 in the morning until 10 at night. The first boat he designed was the sloop *Violet*, whose performance so disappointed him that he smashed her model with an ax. In later life he designed five cup defenders, all successful. In 1897, nearly 80, bed-ridden, he was still absorbed enough in his life's passion to watch his yards recondition the 3 boats *Kaiser* and *Endeavor II*. They were not long down the ways when he died.



CONTINUED



SIR THOMAS LIPTON

The world's greatest loser

OF HIS five challengers—all named *Shamrock* and with a small potted shamrock below for luck—not one was able to lift "the cold cup," as Sir Thomas Lipton called the cup. Sympathy for him in his vain attempts was so widespread that following each defeat Sir Thomas would humbly accept a substitute trophy—a loving cup that the American public got in the habit of giving him—and he would vow to try again with a boat that "would make Americans at it." By his fifth attempt, nationalism had gone by the boards and, when he cried out "I cannot win! I cannot win!" following his defeat in the 1890 series, there was, as Ring Lardner wrote, "hardly a dry eye in any American speakeasy." One sympathetic lady, short on nautical knowledge, wrote him that the Americans were putting something in the water to prevent his *Shamrock* from winning. Yes, Lipton wrote back carefully, yes, they were putting faster boats in the water.

He was a tall man, his face the familiar one that graced the tin boxes of his tea—the white mustache, the little tuft of hair on the underlip and the under-

shed yachting cap which he set at a jaunty angle and wore on all occasions. Once during an ocean voyage a lady passenger spotted the cap, mistook Lipton for a deck steward and tipped him a shilling when he was successful in producing a deck chair for her. "I took the shilling," Lipton reported of the incident, "and tipped my cap to her in the approved manner."

He came from humble beginnings, born in Glasgow, Scotland, the son of Irish parents who had fled their native country to escape starvation in the Black Year of 1846. At the age of 18, Lipton was hired as a messenger boy in a stationery shop, running his errands barefoot across the winter streets for four shillings (about 60c) a week.

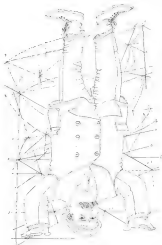
As a young man he left for America to seek his fortune. He returned with barely £100 (about \$500) in savings, along with a cooking chair and a bag of flour promised his mother who had professed a craving for American-style pancakes.

His Cinderella rise in fortune started on his return. He invested his savings in a small provision store, and utilizing present-day promotion and selling methods, parlayed it over the years into an immense chain. He was a pioneer in many aspects of business—the originator of hard-sell advertising. To promote the ham products in his provision stores, for instance, he marched battalions of pigs through the Glasgow streets, each with a cloth covering on his back with the labyrinthine message for all to read: "Lipton's Orphans Bound for Lipton's."

At the turn of the century, famous and rich, Lipton received his baronetcy through the strong backing of the Prince of Wales, later Edward VII. The prince was a staunch friend; a great yachtsman himself, he interested Lipton in yachting and in the great challenges posed by the America's Cup.

Lipton's yachts did well with the marked exception of cup competition. He had so many trophies on display in the main dining saloon of his steam yacht *Erin* that there was not enough room to serve meals. Yet Lipton can hardly be classed as a true yachtsman. He rarely went aboard his cup challengers. The only recorded instance of a visit to *Shamrock IV* when she was in America was in the company of a dress manufacturer and a flock of models for a publicity photograph. As for the race, he watched them from the deck of his *Erin*, leaving the management of the *Shamrocks* entirely to the designer and captain. His application to yachting was essentially romantic. "Ah," he said once during his last days in Newport waters, in his 80s then, frail, the jauntyness fading, "look at her there—tell 'em anywhere—the lovely green lady," and no one quite had the heart to tell him that he was actually peering at the American defender *Enterprise*.

Following his last defeat, yet another loving cup was given him, this one on the suggestion of Will Rogers on behalf of Americans wishing to show their appreciation for his good sportsmanship. The cup stood two and a half feet high and was worth many times the monetary value of the America's Cup Sir Thomas had spent 21 years and an estimated \$5 million trying to capture. The loving cup was presented in a tear-drenched ceremony in which Lipton broke down during his acceptance speech. One of the many symbols engraved on the cup was a spider and its web, with above it the word "perseverance."



STARLING BURGESS

A head-standing genius

HE was an odd, multifaceted genius, whose designing brilliance he inherited from his father (designer of three America's Cup defenders in the 1880s) along with the family habit of consulting in exaltation, or standing on his head—a position from which he often, and at considerable length, quoted from the poems of Algernon Charles Swinburne. He was a flamboyant dresser, sported a giant drooping mustache like Robert Louis Stevenson's, and arrived in the boatyards in a stripped-down Lancia, with a trained seal sitting up next to him in the front seat. While he worked, the seal sported in the harbor around the hulls of Burgess' remarkable creations: the great *J* boats, into the line of these yachts, more than 80 feet on the waterline, up to 135 feet over-all, with masts that towered as high as a 14-story building, went Burgess' modern theories of aircraft engineering and aerodynamics—a "mechanical invention" derided by the traditionalists, but which culminated in the famous *Ranger*. The "ultimate conception" she was called, so fast her speed might be matched but never surpassed.



CHARLIE BARR

The great professional

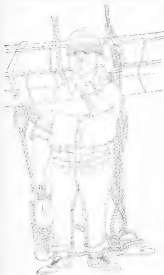
RECURRENT in Sir Thomas Lipton's troubled dreams of cup-contests was the nightmare figure of Captain Charlie Barr—a laconic Scotsman with a slight, calm voice who signaled his crews into action with sparse hand motions—directing crews that numbered over 50 men, some of them stationed 100 feet forward of the steering post as the immense defenders, a few of them, the masts, as much as 80 feet aloft. They were molded into teams of such remarkable efficiency that yachts captained by Charlie Barr were considered nearly unbeatable. He successfully defended the cup three times, and in 1905, in the schooner *Athlete* set a record for transatlantic crossings for sailing vessels which still stands after 58 years—12 days, four hours, and one minute. Even his death was attributed to speed: a hidden reef, so the story goes, once stopped the onward rush of a yacht he was commanding as suddenly that Charlie Barr was slammed up against the spoked wheel and suffered internal injuries, which ultimately closed out the legendary career of the greatest, and last, of the professional skippers.

—MICHAEL O'NEILL

CHARLES F. ADAMS

The great amateur

He was the first amateur skipper of a defender, an neat and tailored shore as betta a director of 50 corporations, treasurer of Harvard College and Secretary of the Navy in Herbert Hoover's cabinet. But on the water Charles Francis Adams appeared in soiled and tattered duck trousers, a windscripe sweater and a battered canvas sailor's hat with the brim tugged down to his cheekbones. "The Deacon" they called him, because of his abstemious habits—he never drank a drop of liquor in his life—but his sulphurous deep-sea evening was famous all along the New England coast. He smiled in any craft he could get into. The first time Lipton saw him, Adams was racing in a dinghy. At the starting gun he caught his mainmast on a marker buoy and in a confused tangle revolved tightly around the buoy like a dog chasing his tail. Unhappily for Lipton, the error was no indication of Adams' ability. He sailed all yachts, regardless of size, with equal skill—alive of a passion for racing, and an indefatigable love of the sea so consuming that on occasion his friends would remark they were surprised he ever came ashore at all.



HAROLD VANDERBILT

The grand old man

ALTHOUGH it was an inherent part of the drama and tradition of the America's Cup that the competing yachts were the largest ever to engage in a series of match races, most of the skippers commanding them were trained in the dories and dinghies of their youth. Harold S. Vanderbilt was one notable exception. Though he started in a 14-footer at the age of 11, afterward he raced almost exclusively in large boats. Bouncing around like a cork in a Snipe or a Comet, while it appealed to Charles Francis Adams, was not Vanderbilt's idea of sailing. He missed the feel of the surge of power present in large boats. In 1937, in a widely publicized event, Vanderbilt and four other J boat skippers stepped gingerly into little Brutal Beant 12-footers to compete for a trophy donated by Arthur Knapp Jr., then a member of *Ranger's* afterguard, one of the best small-boat sailors in the country and today skipper of the 12-motor *Weekend*. The two races sailed were both won by T.O.M. Sapwith, the English challenger who was never that summer to have the satisfaction of leading Vanderbilt across the finish line in a J boat.

In both events Vanderbilt finished last.

Victory in these small craft did not come easily to a yachtsman who only three years out of college won the 1810 race to Bermuda in a 54-foot Herreshoff schooner, *Vaguet*, and in 1912 while still in his 20s was sailing another *Vaguet*—which was 80 feet on the waterline. In such yachts Vanderbilt was almost unbeatable. Generally recognized as the finest large-boat skipper who has ever lived, he is in many ways a composite of the outstanding men who preceded him in the history of the America's Cup.

As a skipper he equaled Charlie Bass's record of three successful defenses of the cup and, aboard the defenders *Enterprise* (1909), *Rainbow* (1934) and *Ranger* (1937), he commanded his crews with the same firmness and brilliance, coupled with a voice of command that, though rarely interrupted with Charles Francis Adams' deep-sea outcries, could cut through a gale of wind. Much like Adams, Vanderbilt's competitive spirit was a consuming passion—in marked contrast to the professional skipper aboard *Shamrock V*, his first opponent, a man who admitted he raced solely to earn his salary from Sir Thomas Lipton, his true passion being neither the sea nor racing, but the standing of the soccer teams in Britain's Football Association.

By nature, Vanderbilt is shy, with no little liking for the counsel of publicist-captain Nat Herreshoff; yet as a designer and experimenter he was a perfect partner to the bizarre, extravagant genius of Starling Burgess—appreciative of the technological developments that would make such *J* boats as *Ranger* invincible.

Last spring Vanderbilt, now in his early 70s, was honored at a testimonial dinner given him by the New York Yacht Club in its enormous Model Room, whose walls are almost hidden behind the wooden hull models of famous yachts—among them, of course, all those associated with the America's Cup. After the dinner Vanderbilt gave a lecture illustrated with slides showing the giant *J* boats in action. The last slide he showed was his favorite: the famous Morris Rosenfeld photograph of five *J* boats running before the wind in 1937—*Ranger*, *Rainbow*, *Endeavor J*, *Endeavor II*, *Foshee*. Vanderbilt's *Ranger* is far in the lead, flying the largest sail ever made, an 18,000-foot parachute spinnaker which belled so far out over

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"Brief Case" Television!

VANDERBILT *continued*

the bow that a temporary bowsprit was set up to catch it and keep it out from under the boat if it ever collapsed.

Vanderbilt remarked that it was unfortunate that these beautiful yachts "were sailing to a destiny which turned out to be the scrap heap." Not one of them exists today. A few spreaders and spars remain to decorate the walls of New England taverns. To build another would cost an astronomical sum, more than \$1 million. But Vanderbilt has always believed that "size and importance are brothers," and up until last year he hoped the British would challenge with a J boat. He felt so strongly that any diminution in size of competing yachts would demean the historical value of the trophy that he might have financed, had the British so challenged, the construction of an American J class defender.

Now he has changed his mind. In his final remark to the members of the New York Yacht Club he indicated his delight that the America's Cup would once more be raced for by "smaller, but no less worthy contenders." This summer, as a member of the America's Cup committee that will select a defender, he has been watching the trials off Newport from the deck of his motor sloop *Vermontic*. As the trials have progressed, he has become absorbed, until he now seems so involved in the cup defense as when he was at the wheel of *Ranger*. His motor sloop, flying the cup committee pennant, is immediately recognizable in the spectator fleet, not only for the way she dogs the heels of the 12-meter contenders so that Vanderbilt can keep a close eye on them, but also because he keeps her under sail—purportedly to steady the yacht in rough weather but more likely because he is at home with canvas aloft.

The crews of the contending yachts admit that with Vanderbilt's *Vermontic* close aboard, leaving him below commands to keep her well clear of their wind, they are conscious of being scrutinized by a great skipper from another era, a living legend, but a man still considered the most perceptive yachtsman in the country. At Newport his presence is very much felt as the date approaches for the opening of a second century in the history of the fastest yachts in the world and the men who race them. **END**



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PHILCO

Slender Seventeen

Oh! So slender. Ah! So portable. This new Philco is by all odds the most slender portable you can buy—it's like having TV in a brief case! The secret is Philco's new "S-F" (Scan-Flat) picture tube and the new, power-packed Predicta chassis. Beautifully finished back, all top controls. "Scan-Tenna" handle hides 33-inch antenna. Go see them! Lustrous enamel finishes. **\$179.00**

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Brue Electric.....	Detroit
C. E. V. Television.....	Pontiac
Cresley Miller Co.....	Detroit
Deff's Flint Appliances, 2207 Lewis Street.....	Flint
Famous Furniture.....	Detroit
Gately's, 127 S. Franklin.....	Saginaw
Gedwin's, 644 State Street.....	Saginaw
Groesbeck Appliances, 2805 N. Saginaw Street.....	Flint
Groesby's Inc., 8-4008 S. Saginaw Street.....	Flint
Groesby's Inc., 1101 N. Saginaw Street.....	Flint
Groesby's Inc., 6204 N. Saginaw Street.....	Flint
Groesby's Inc., 3224 S. Saginaw Street.....	Flint
Groesby's Inc., 2819 Conover.....	Flint
Hammer Appliances.....	Port Huron
Modern Home Appliances, 411 Washington Ave.....	Bay City
Orin Commercial & Son Furn.....	Detroit
Red's Radio Supply.....	Detroit & Salsbury
Roberts Television.....	Royal Oak
Palmer's, 817 N. Saginaw Street.....	Flint
Saginaw Exchange, 4582 Grand.....	Saginaw
Tandry's Appliances.....	Detroit
Visual Electronics.....	Detroit
Wentzel Hardware, 250 E. Main Street.....	Midland

MISSOURI

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Braden Furniture Company.....	St. Louis
Edgite Electric.....	St. Louis
Famous-Bar Company.....	St. Louis
Jones & Smith.....	St. Louis
Newberry Radio Company.....	St. Louis
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Saunders-Vanderpool-Barnes.....	St. Louis
Six-Bar & Feller.....	St. Louis

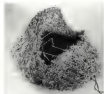
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Bennett's TV.....	Forest du Lac
Cassidy & O'Brien.....	Madison
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Samsco's.....	Milwaukee
Wichmann Furniture Company.....	Appleton

A blind to open eyes

**Now portable camouflage fills
an old need for duck hunters**

WATERFOWLERS, frustrated in the past by dependence on stationary blinds, this year can look forward to an easy and ingenious out—camouflage that moves. Porta Co. of Canton, Mass. is marketing a collapsible Pocket Blind (\$34.95), small enough to carry in a car trunk but roomy enough for ample shooting freedom. Used with Porta's canvas duck boat (\$98.50), the blind can also be peddled to wherever the birds are flocking.



POCKET BLIND can be assembled in minutes, is made of material ruffs tied to net. Net in turn is fixed to aluminum frame.



BLIND IN USE with canvas duck boat affords hunter good camouflage, ease of movement and maximum shooting room.



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by itself
since 1830



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5 BEAUTIFUL SWIMMING POOLS . . .

THESE were only dreams of progressive citizens of this time last

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Zion Park District



Bensenville Municipal

Bensenville, Ill.

CLUB POOL

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 - * One and Three Meter Springs
 - * All Deck and Filter Equipment
 - * Underwater and Overhead Lighting
 - * Architectural & Engineering Services
 - * Full State Approval
- Complete Installation—See: Both
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 - * Back Bathhouse—34' x 70'
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Architect: Robert S. Friedman



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19TH HOLE The readers take over

FOOTBALL: END OF A COACH

Sir: I wish to express my thanks to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and James Murray for the perspective, splendidly written recap on Red Sanders (E & D, Aug. 25), my dearest friend of the past 40 years.

PAUL HOSKELL
Sports Editor, Nashville Tennessean
Nashville

Sir:

Red Sanders was a giant among many little men. Personal malnutrition did not bother him, for he rode through seasons of critical abuse in grand verbal style. To the end, he was the master of the pressbox. Red Sanders was a tremendous football coach, a scintillating speaker and never one to do the expected, even in the way he died.

Under Henry Sanders, UCLA's football team was the best the coast has had since the war, despite the pragmatic pessimists and intelligible handouts given by the narrow-minded officials of the now very properly defunct Pacific Coast Conference.

PAUL ALTA, CALIF.

WILSON DODDER

FOOTBALL: THE NEW MAN

Sir: Congratulations on the selection of Red Grange as your college football prognosticator. *Missus From the Provinces*, Aug. 25. I am sure Red will give us some very interesting reading.

Our family thinks that Red Grange is the best football televiewer and radio commentator working today. We enjoy his work, both college and professional, and look forward to reading him this fall.

CONRAD F. KELLERMAN
University City, Mo.

Sir:

We note with pleasure the selection of Red Grange as your college football prognosticator. We recall from last year that you gave the results of Mr. Hickman's franchise in terms of games won, lost and tied. Are you planning to also express Mr. Grange's results in terms of a tally both for the past week and year to date?

JOHN R. MAXWELL
Bridgeport, Conn.

• Yes, indeed.—ED.

FOOTBALL: THE FREE PRESS

Sir: I have been a faithful reader of your magazine for some years now. But the article on Jimmy Phillips (*A Free Ride for Big Red*, E & D, Aug. 25) was one of the dirtiest and most turned-around I've read in a long time.

DAVID STAFFORD
Birmingham

Sir:

Many Sports Illustrated hit the streets I've heard you called many complimentary names. And they're probably humping Don Parker in effigy in Auburn and Alex City right now. Phillips, too, for that matter.

But, seriously, except for one or two minor criticisms, I thought the article an excellent job of reporting, prodding or calling what you will. You mentioned the Ben-Hur Award in the same paragraph as the Hole Bowl, thus intimating that our game was on the shady side. We of the Ben-Hur Bowl pay to check and publicize the fact that members of our winning squad receive \$400 each, plus all expenses, and the losers \$400. Yet some schools (the Southwest Conference in the past) have taken scholarships away from fans for playing in our game on the grounds that they became non-voters, were paid by checks on top of the ticket. It was perfectly alright, however, to take the Ben-Hur chair, play with and against pressure, get paid but doing so, as long as it was in cash under the table.

BOB SCHENKELER
Mobile, Ala.

ADVENTURES ON THE BEEP

Sir:

The *Woman Behind the Beep* (E & D, Aug. 15 & 16) was the most interesting I have read in a long time, and Clara Goodie Lutz must be a wonderful person to meet. She seems, at young at heart, and her adventures below the water seem very exciting. Where does she get all her energy? The pictures were breathtaking. More, please!

CONSTANCE HOWEY
Los Angeles

Sir:

I actually thought I was down there with Art Flander spearing the moray eel. ROBERT E. SCHENKELER
Pittsfield, N.Y.

Sir:

Mrs. Lutz's underwater adventures off New Providence brought to mind an experience of mine in the same waters.

As a diversion from fishing we decided to try our hand at skin-diving. Prompted, I might add, in no small part by Mrs. Lutz's excellent article on her Bermuda expedition (E & D, Sept. 9 & 10, '67).

continued



ANNE QUAST AND SHIRT, SEPTEMBER 1



MEL CHILTON AND SHIRT, MARCH 24

A CHAMPION'S SPORTING LOOK

Sir:

Did you realize that the picture showing Anne Quast accepting her U.S. Women's Amateur trophy also shows her wearing a golf shirt which you introduced?

AND HICKMAN
Chicago

• We had not noticed it, but as she is. The shirt, depicting women golfers of the 1890s, is part of a special golf wardrobe presented by Sportswear Designer Bill Atkinson for *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* readers in our March 24 issue.—ED.



Our exclusive button-down-coller shirts are made to our specifications with all the authentic details we're famous for: deep plaid in back, extra-long tail to keep them anchored, back collar button, soft-roll collar and split-yoke front. Our collection includes fine-quality island cloth in solid white, blue, gray, tan or bamboo, and stripes: blue, gray or brown on white. 14-16 1/2 sizes, 32-36 sleeve lengths. \$36.95.

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18TH HOLE continued

I inspired of our guide, "Any sharks around?" and was told, "Certainly not!"

From first glance the beautiful and profile sea life entranced me, and in an hour or so our boat was loaded with speared snappers, parrotfish, grouper, trumpetfish, etc. Then it happened! An enormous shark came visiting and I didn't hear my wife's screams from the boat as I surfaced. Finally alerted, I looked beside me, and there it was!

The 14 feet or so back to the boat I swam in sheer desperate flight. He wasn't hungry, so I can now write about it. I'd go back, I know—the underwater is that fascinating—but even like again without a lookout!

As I recall, it was a Pinder from Spanish Wells who told us, "No sharks!" I should have realized he didn't mean it literally!

Another of your recent articles, *Wipeout the Xanadu's* (81, July 26) also makes a comment, if you will permit. My wife on this July Fourth within a 24-hour period caught a blue marlin, a white marlin and a sailfin of Miami during the Blue Marlin Tournament. As far as we can determine, it is the first time anyone has caught three species of billfish in a 24-hour period. Only the broadbill among Atlantic billfish has as far escaped her.

JOHN W. STANTON

Hialeah, Fla.

Sir:

The *Honorable Miss*—was written intelligently, photographed with great sensitivity and presented with integrity. It is one of the most interesting accounts of bowling ever published.

I thank you for having the good taste not to show the charming Mrs. Lane, grinning broadly, with one foot on a dead shark.

TERRY PAGE

New York City

THE BEST (CONT.)

Sir:

Your recent article on *Rafel Johnson* (*Altitude Best*) (45-round Mar, 51, Aug. 11) was excellent, but that title covers a lot of ground and is open to further argument.

It is probably in the greatest doubtless champion. And perhaps he is the greatest all-around track star. But when pesky altitude has all-around man you are covering all sports—and when it comes to all-around athletes there still have to be some to equal Jim Thorpe, the old Carlisle Indian.

Take football. Jim is a unanimous choice for any college college or professional football team, and is generally the first man picked as the best of them all.

Take baseball. Maybe Jim made into the big leagues on his football and track reputation. But he was good enough to stay up there several years, and no big league team, then or now, keeps a player for his gate attraction alone.

Take track. Here *Johnson*, on the surface, has the edge—a great track champion, one who has set a new world record. But let's look at Thorpe's performance in the 1912 Olympics. Thorpe's record stood until a few years ago, when it was broken by Bob Mathias. How many

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other 1912 records have stood in the books as long! Since then everything has improved—training methods, equipment and the tracks themselves.

Both Johnson and Machinegun in years of grueling training for the decathlon, which is a grueling event. Those just ran on the track team, played on the football and baseball teams and really never concentrated on the decathlon until just before the 1912 Olympics.

Your article and a previous one on Machinegun stressed the exhausting, strenuous grind of the decathlon. Yet generally overlooked is the fact that Thorpe entered and was not only the decathlete but also the pentathlete—a five-event contest since dropped from the Olympics—so he participated in 15 events in three days of competition. And in the pentathlon he won the broad jump (23 feet 2 7/16 inches), placed third in the javelin (333 feet 2 19/32 inches), took first in the discus with a throw of 134 feet 8 4/16 inches, took first in the 200-meter at 22.9 and first in the 1,200-meter at 4:44.5. Four out of five firsts—and in two of them he did better than he did later in the decathlon. Perhaps he was getting tired.

VICKI BALDINGSTON

Memphis

DEBUT OF THE FAIRWAY FERRARI

Sire:

Some months ago I read an interesting article in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* about Tecumseh building golf carts from Crosley automobiles (Ed's, Aug. 13, '67).



CROSLY BEFORE AND . . .



GOLF CART AFTER

This article prompted me to proceed on a similar project. The original Crosley was a 1951 model (cost \$325). After months of cutting, reboring and painting, it made its debut as the "Fairway Ferrari" on our beautiful Long Beach Country Club fairway in Michigan City.

The Fairway Ferrari will handle a fully equipped foursome without difficulty and without any mechanical changes whatsoever. Two bad this fine little car was ever discontinued.

FRANK A. WERNSTEIN

Michigan City, Ind.

Swing is the thing

and Randcraft captures it in the lines of this new shoe!

Real artistry in mellow leathers... with new, sweeping side lines. Adds smart footnotes: the new closed seam.

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Don Baker



WENDY WANGSGARD

'Sports are my way of meeting people'

Wendy Wangsgard, a 20-year-old junior at Utah State, should have no trouble meeting people. She looks very nice indeed in plaid shorts, and she is a remarkable golfer and bowler. What is even more remarkable is that, as the pictures above show, she golfs right-handed and bowls left-handed.

Wendy does not come from a particularly sports-minded family. She is a gregarious girl who found in sports a challenge to her considerable native endowments. "I love to compete," Wendy says. "Whether I win or lose I feel better off for having tried to excel."

Wendy is a natural left-hander who has been bowling since she was 13. As a senior in Ogden's Ben Leonard school she won the state bowling championship for high school girls. But Wendy has always had a special liking for the outdoors, and she pestered her golfing father until one day five years ago he took her with him on the

course. "The first time I played golf," Wendy now recalls, "I knew this was the game for me. It's so wonderfully scientific. You have to think. And you get to meet so many people." Golf Pro Dean Candland recognized in Wendy a natural athlete, asked her to switch to right-handedness for golf. "Let's give it a try," said Wendy, who had never before done anything right-handed. Three summers later, after winning a slew of minor tournaments, she became a finalist in the state amateur. This summer she repeated and won the Northern Utah Division Tournament to boot. Old hands around Utah's links consider her potentially one of the finest golfers the area has produced.

Has bowling been forgotten? Not at all. Also this summer, while competing in Ogden's grueling World Endurance Bowling Classic, Wendy rolled a 286 game, the highest competitive game ever bowled in Utah by a woman.



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